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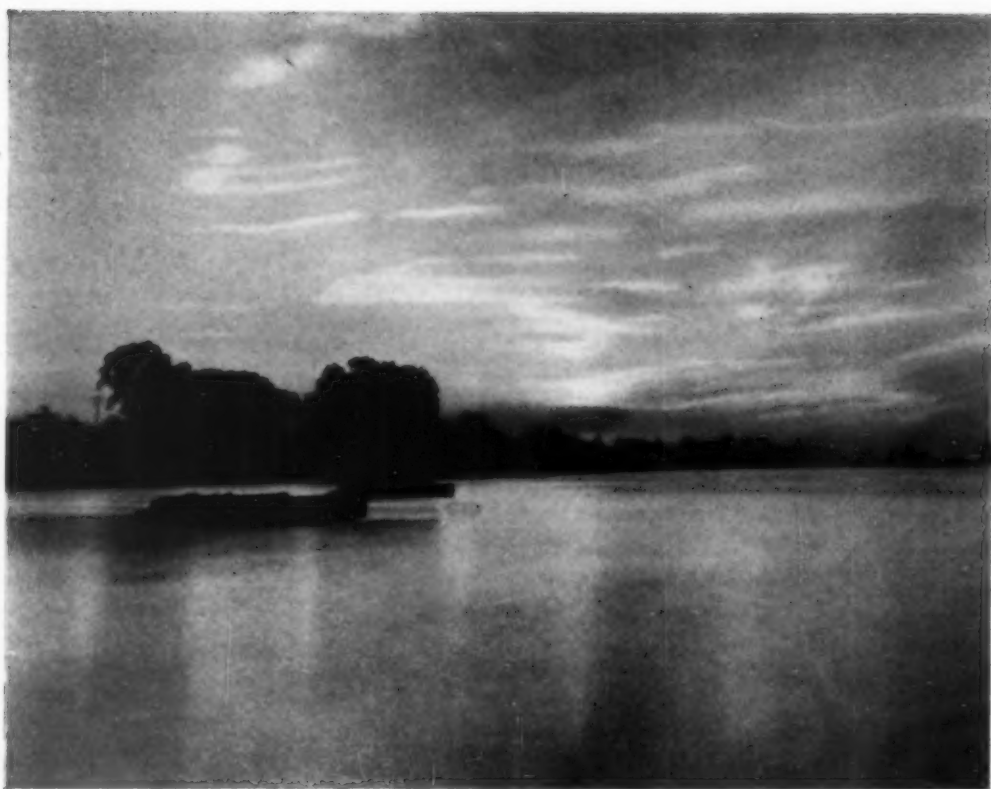
This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustration, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth, and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.

The British standard of spelling is adopted, substantially as used by the Dominion Government and taught in most Canadian schools, the precise authority being the Oxford Dictionary as edited to 1929.

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SUNRISE AT MORRISBURG, ONTARIO

Artists, poets and others interested in the beauties of Nature, have raved about Canadian sunrises and sunsets for many years, but not until now has a scene of the sort been reproduced in printer's inks in the correct colourings, shade for shade. Dr. Howard T. Barnes, McGill University, internationally-famous expert on ice-control, has during the last five years taken and had taken a number of natural-colour photographs of Canadian sunrises, in connection with his experiments on atmospheric conditions as related to ice-control, and these comprise the only true record in existence. The photographs are on glass plates.

While it was possible to throw these natural colours on a white screen through a glass negative with a strong light behind it, as with lantern slides, it was not possible to automatically translate the precise colourings from the negative to process printing plates without some form of retouching which detracted from realism. Dr. Barnes made a number of enquiries in different parts of the world with a view to having his negatives copied for reproduction, but without success.

The Journal, in co-operation with experts of the Rapid-Grip Company, engravers, Montreal and Toronto, made experiments with two of Dr. Barnes' negatives, and as a result the Journal is able to give above a precise natural-colour reproduction of a sunrise on June 27th, 1925. No "faking", retouching, or arbitrary selection of colour inks, has been done. The reproduction is practically 100 per cent. true to the negative, which in turn is true to the sunrise.

A NOTE BY DR. BARNES.

This photograph of the sunrise of June 27th, 1925, was taken for me at Morrisburg, Ontario, looking down the St. Lawrence River, by Walter A. Connolly, chief of photographic staff of the Ice Research Institute. This was the beginning of a series of photographs taken in full natural colour, month by month, for a year. From a study of the colour of the early light of the sun, the rays which are responsible for the prevention and destruction of ice were discovered. These rays are more abundant at sunrise than at any other time of the day. The light at sunrise not only stops ice from forming, but disrupts millions of tons of anchor ice from the bottom of the river. It was from a study of the sunrise that the idea of using thermit in ice was evolved.

—HOWARD T. BARNES.

Canadian Geographical Journal

Landscape Painting in Canada

By ERNEST FOSBERY

WHILE the landscapist's art is concerned with much more than the recording of topographical features, topography and climatic conditions play a major part in supplying him with incentives for expression. In this respect the Canadian landscape painter is born to a rich heritage of the most varied motifs. From the fruit farms of the Niagara Peninsula to the ice of the Arctic, from the fogs of the Bay of Fundy across Quebec and Ontario to the dry clear air of the prairies and over the Rockies to the moist Pacific slope, the various atmospheric conditions veil, or reveal with extreme clearness, a landscape equally varied in its physical characteristics. Add to these the dramatic difference of the seasons and the painter has material for his art that is inexhaustible in its significance and variety.

Art is a universal language, a language used to express not only the immediate thoughts and feelings of its time, but, if it is sincere and deep enough and sufficiently purged of affectation, it expresses also the fundamental things of humanity, the racial characteristics of its makers, and the long effect of environment. All these are of the essence of any art that is to endure, and though art is a

language that may need no interpretation throughout the world, it is generally conceded to be at its best, and most significant, when retaining its racial tang and its local accent.

Rubens, in spite of his many years of study in Italy, and of founding his practice on the works of the great

Italians, retained in his art (probably quite unconsciously) the characteristics of his race. Spanish art owed much both to Belgium and to Italy and yet has, amongst other Spanish characteristics, a certain poignancy not found elsewhere. These characteristics were, I think, an inevitable result of race and environment rather than a deliberate expression; in fact a conscious effort to be national—and the effort has been made more than once—seems to lead almost inevitably to superficial mannerisms.

The old arrangement of the Louvre in Paris with the masterpieces of the

greatest artists hung in the Salon Carré, and the other galleries equally a medley of the art of various countries, offered an interesting object-lesson on this question of nationality. While in the Salon Carré there was no mistaking the fact that Leonardo's "Mona Lisa," Titian's "Entombment" and Veronese's "Marriage in Cana," were Italian,

ERNEST FOSBERY, R.C.A.

As an artist whose renown has come chiefly from his work in the field of portrait painting, Ernest Fosbery is able to write on landscape painting with a certain detachment not enjoyed by those more closely identified with this branch of art. Born in Ottawa, 1874, Ernest Fosbery began his art studies there under Franklin Brownell, R.C.A., and later in Paris, under Fernand Cormon. From 1900 to 1907 he studied portrait painting in Boston, at the same time illustrating for a number of publications. In 1907 he was appointed Headmaster of the Art School of the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, N.Y., and the Art Guild, Buffalo. In 1909 he was awarded a Buffalo Fellowship Prize, and the Society of Artists Prize in 1910. Returning to Ottawa in 1911, Mr. Fosbery studied portrait painting and etching, and in 1912 was elected A.R.C.A. (Associate Royal Canadian Academy). During the War he served overseas with the 87th Canadian Grenadier Guards, was wounded, mentioned in despatches, and was demobilized with rank of major. Amongst the many portrait paintings of Mr. Fosbery may be mentioned those of Lord Byng of Vimy, when Governor-General of Canada, the late Sir J. A. M. Aikins, and the late Senator Hewitt Bostock. In 1929 Mr. Fosbery was elected R.C.A.

(The quadri-colour plates with this article were made for the Journal by Messrs. Rous and Maun, Toronto, and are reproduced by courtesy of the Toronto Art Gallery.)

Velasquez's "Infanta," and Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus," Spanish and Dutch, the pictures had so far transcended national traits that they hung in the same room in much more friendly companionship than did the works of lesser men of their different countries in other parts of the Louvre. There was in the comparison something of the difference that is apparent between the intercourse of men of various countries who are big enough to be at the same time nationally and internationally minded and the rivalry and bickering that goes on between working men of different races employed on the same job.

RICH AND VARIED FUTURE

Canada, with its wealth of the most varied material and made up as a nation of English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh and French, its main streams augmented through immigration from many countries, may well expect, if art is permitted—or shall we say, encouraged?—to pursue its natural course, a future in landscape painting both rich and varied.

In spite of many of the theories that have succeeded one another in the last few decades and the absurdities of that contradiction in terms, the non-representative picture, a survey of art both Oriental and Occidental seems to show that the painting of pictures that shall endure as art consists neither in representation divorced from design nor design divorced from representation, but a unity formed of the two; expressing in the highest and most subtle kind of design the thoughts and feelings engendered in man by his visual contact with his environment.

THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH

Obviously, for any real expression of these, the artist must speak the truth, and yet speaking the truth does not necessarily make of him an artist, nor does the device of truth, plus an artificial beauty, solve the problem. Is it not rather that the art that has had the strongest and most lasting effect on mankind has been that which has revealed most clearly the beauty of truth? Individuality plays a large part here and the old saying that art is Nature seen through a temperament, still holds good.

The training that an artist receives in the technical side of his art is merely a basis on which to build; a necessary preparation so that he will not be continually frustrated by incompetence in his attempts at expression.

RETAINED PERSONAL MODE

Courbet, independent as he was by nature, studied under several masters and Boudin, receiving his incentive from Barbizon men and pursuing his studies at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, retained his own personal mode of expression. From his interest in light and atmosphere and his relations with Monet he might be called the Father of Impressionism and yet, though he saw the development of the movement, he was not of it. Also Cazin's interest in light and the colour of the time of day did not incur his following in their train. His light was a light that revealed a personality, not a technical expedient or an exposition of a theory. Baird, while not unmindful of the contribution of Impressionism remains unhampered by their technique and in his expression is British not French, and though classed as English School he appears to be Scotch rather than English in his outlook.

Reproductions lose much of that impression of personal touch with the artist that one feels before the original paintings although in the examples given here something of Courbet, something of the refinement and distinction of Boudin and the quiet and contemplative personality of Cazin may be felt.

ORIGINALITY NOT A DEVICE

In the recent turmoil of "isms" and "ists" when to be of a "movement" seemed to many the most important thing while others pinned their faith on eccentricity, there was danger of losing sight of the fact that originality is an endowment not a device and that a sincere and unaffected expression on the part of the painter will give to his work as much of originality or of personality as he has—he cannot hope to give more.

In our own country the earliest pictorial maps and the somewhat later topographical sketches of engineers and others, while of much historical interest had generally less to do with art than, with geography or with the recording of



A. H. Robinson, R.C.A., Canada.

Returning from Easter Mass.

Purchased from The Rueben and Kate Leonard Fund. The Art Gallery of Toronto.



Clarence Gagnon, R.C.A., Canada.

Horse Racing in Winter.

Purchased from The Rueben and Kate Leonard Fund. The Art Gallery of Toronto.

fact. The earliest artists in Canada,—I am now speaking of landscape painters,—were Europeans transplanted to a new environment, to the novelty of which their reaction was more or less sensitive, according to individual temperament.

OF HISTORIC INTEREST

Paul Kane's pictures of Indians have more historic and illustrative interest than distinction as works of art. Kreighoff, born in Dusseldorf, who came to Canada and lived chiefly at Quebec, seems to have entered whole-heartedly into the life about him and set himself to illustrate the doings of the Habitant of the Province of Quebec and to depict as faithfully as he could the landscape which he used as a setting for the incident or action he portrayed. Sincerity, without which no painting can live, an intense interest in humanity, and the interest that attaches to the dress and activities of a bygone age, give his works a more lasting appeal to Canadians than his more purely artistic attainments might otherwise warrant, though in his best work he was no mean artist.

JACOBI'S PERSONALITY

Otto R. Jacobi, a Prussian by birth and at one time Court Painter to the Grand Duke of Nassau, was about 58 years old when he came to Canada. He became one of the charter members of the Royal Canadian Academy and, at one time, President. His pleasure in the brilliant colouring of our Autumn foliage often found expression through a medley of juxtaposed touches of pure colour. Less scientific in its genesis and more free and spontaneous in technique than some of the later impressionist devices, it remains as one of the evidences of a distinct and interesting personality.

PUPIL OF HOLMAN HUNT

Daniel Fowler, another charter member of the Academy, was, I have been told, a friend and fellow pupil of Holman Hunt. He was in his early thirties when he came to Canada and settled on a farm on Amherst Island near Kingston. He has left behind exceptionally interesting water-colours which differ entirely in their outlook and in their breadth and freedom from the works of his Pre-Raphaelite friend.

Many other painters whose formative years were passed in Europe and to whom Canada was a new environment might be mentioned. Then other artists not born here but growing up in Canada and Canadian in outlook joined the ranks of our landscape painters. Of these the late William Brymner, C.M.G., who was for many years President of the Academy was one and C. W. Jeffreys, of Toronto, is another. The latter, well known both as an illustrator, particularly of Canadian historical subjects, and as a landscape painter, has done very successful things of the prairies and river valleys of our Middle-West, as well as of the foothills of the Rockies.

MORE OF NATIVE BORN

Gradually men who began life on this side of the water made up an increasingly large proportion of our landscape painters. Such men as J. W. Beatty, in Ontario, Suzor Cote and Clarence Gagnon in Quebec, are Canadian-born and passed their earliest years in touch with the landscape that was later to become the theme of their pictures. Learning the necessary rudiments of their art, the drawing and painting part, by study both in Canada and abroad, they set themselves, as have the worthwhile painters of all time, to develop their technique to express their personal reactions. With Franklin Brownell, of Ottawa, and Maurice Cullen, of Montreal, two of our most distinguished landscapists, they have for many years been giving us Canadian landscapes expressive of their diverse personalities. Beatty and Cullen, though introducing figures on occasion, have confined themselves more exclusively to pure landscape. Suzor Cote's comparatively rare introduction of figures generally take the form of a figure with landscape, rather than a landscape with figures. Brownell and Gagnon, while producing much pure landscape, have also made free use of figures in their compositions.

AN UNUSUAL ABILITY

While with much of the same distinction, though of a different personality from Boudin, whose "*La Cale de Radoub, Bordeaux*" is reproduced, Brownell has the same unusual ability to "write in" with the fewest possible signi-



J. C. Cazin, France, 1840-1901.

Landscape.

Presented to the Art Gallery of Toronto by Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cox.



(A Canadian) F. W. Hutchison, U.S.

October Snow, Baie St. Paul.

Presented to the Art Gallery of Toronto by Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Wood.



Horatio Walker, R.C.A., Canada.

Evening, Ile d'Orleans.

Presented to the Art Gallery of Toronto by the family of Sir Edmund Walker.

ficant touches, a medley of incident in the distance, a severe test of an artist's ability to seize on the essentials. Due partly to his retiring disposition and continual preoccupation with his art alone, and also to the ready purchase of his pictures by a community which finds in them both the expression of a distinguished artistic personality and a satisfying interpretation of their environment, Brownell's name is not as widely known, nor his important contribution to Canadian painting as much appreciated, as it should be. Ranging from maritime themes in the East, to the Rocky Mountains, farm life in Quebec or Ontario, busy market scenes, the gathering of the ice harvest, and the wilds of the Gatineau, or the region North of Muskoka, his constant variety seems as unlimited as the available material and comes to us from an eye sensitive to the most delicate nuances of colour and responsive to the aspect of the season, the state of the weather and the time of day. In all a contribution that both for its artistic distinction and its ultimate historic interest will, I feel sure, steadily gain in importance.

POSTER-LIKE TECHNIQUE

Gagnon's recent experiments with a prevailing fashion for a poster-like technique, while giving his work a cheery Christmas card effect, as seen in the accompanying illustration, seem to rob his art of more personal qualities. A. H. Robinson, of Montreal, has also recently been experimenting with the same ideas and neglecting, for the time being, his interest in a broadly-painted statement of the colour values of the various planes which characterized some of his most interesting pictures.

With the exception of the early artists, Paul Kane and Kreighoff, all the painters so far mentioned were or are members of the Royal Canadian Academy which is this year celebrating the 50th anniversary of its founding in 1880 by the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, when he was Governor-General of Canada. This body has been so representative of art in Canada that it would be difficult to discuss the periods of which I have been writing without making mention almost exclusively of its members.

Even to-day, when the increasing number of artists makes it inevitable that painters of ability should still be outside its doors, its roll of members and associates includes most of the outstanding members of the other art bodies of whatever creed or faction.

A VITAL PERSONALITY

Tom Thomson, whose tragic death was a calamity to Canadian art, showed in his early work a vital personality with a single-minded and forthright mode of expression. Most painters who win through to a really personal expression, pass through three phases more or less distinct according to their various temperaments. A first stage where they are learning to draw and paint what they see before them, a second, more experimental stage, where they are more preoccupied with composition, and a third which is the uniting and the fruition of the earlier periods. Thomson was not more than well launched on his second phase, which in his case, due no doubt to many factors of time, place, and associates, took the form of experimenting with a poster-like effect of flat patterns, when his career was cut short by his untimely drowning.

ADDED OTHER THEORIES

His followers, confining themselves at first almost exclusively to the idea of pattern, which while always part of the concern of a painter was at that time being much discussed abroad, soon added others of the many theories that were agitating the studios in Paris and elsewhere and appear to have missed entirely the essence of the work of Thomson whose name they had invoked.

Most of these painters seem now to be emerging from their second phase of experimentation and entering their third, which promises to give us a more free and more natural expression of their various personalities. A. Y. Jackson, R.C.A., in his more personal works shows a preoccupation with tone and a quite personal and distinguished, if rather dour, colour sense. A. J. Casson, A.R.C.A., and Frank Carmichael, while paying more attention to drawing in their recent very interesting water-colours, are also evidencing a more natural and personal expression.



Cornelius Kreighoff.

The Dead Stag.

Purchased from the Rueben and Kate Leonard Fund. The Art Gallery of Toronto.



E. Boudin, France, 1824-1898.

La Cale de Radoub, Bordeaux.

Presented to the Art Gallery of Toronto by Mrs. W. M. Boulthée.



N. H. J. Baird, R.O.I., British.

Knights of Toil.

Presented to the Art Gallery of Toronto by Mrs. H. D. Warren.



Gustave Courbet, 1819-1877, France.

Landscape.

Presented to the Art Gallery of Toronto by Messrs. Vincent and Raymond Massey.

Walter J. Phillips, A.R.C.A., of Winnipeg, in his water-colours and wood blocks interprets the clear air and clear waters of the lakes of Manitoba and Western Ontario, and L. L. Fitzgerald, A.R.C.A. in such pictures as "Williamson's Garage" and "Oakdale Place" shows evidence of a technical competence and a refinement of vision that promise a very worth while expression of an interesting personality.

Many of the younger painters might be mentioned. It is interesting to see some of them who started painting under ultra-modern influences slowly broadening their outlook and regaining their independence. The revolt abroad against the impressionist emphasis on light and atmosphere to the neglect of form and structure in both drawing and design has made itself felt in some cases here, as there, in an over-reaction that ignores the existence of any atmosphere whatever, but this violent swing of the pendulum will no doubt right itself even in the case of those most strongly affected by it.

REFLECTED CHANGING LIFE

In so brief a sketch no comprehensive treatment of the subject of landscape painting in Canada is possible and names and tendencies that might well have been mentioned will occur to many.

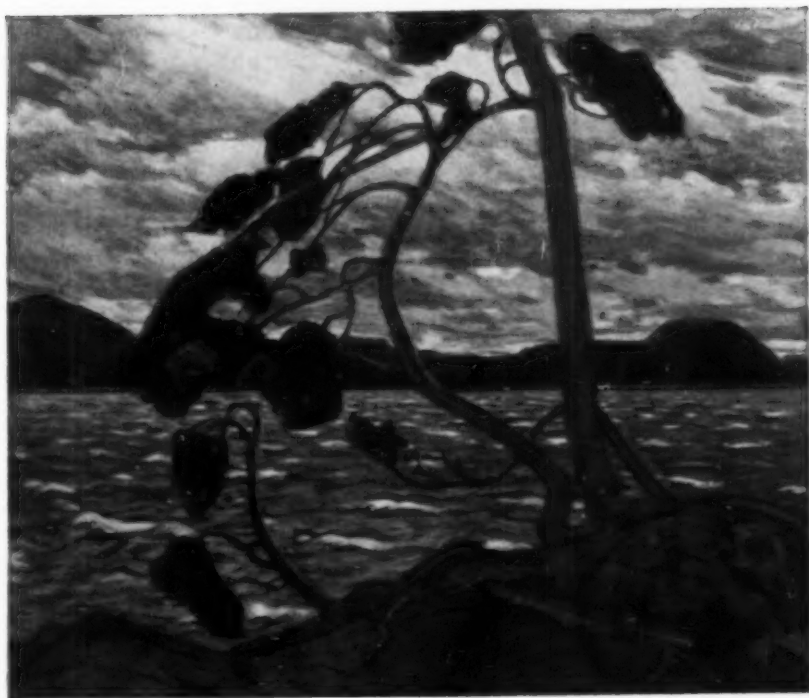
Reviewing the general course of our landscape painting, it would seem to have supplied a fitting expression of the life of the people from decade to decade. Men such as Jacobi and Fowler, and their contemporary painters were expressing not only their own outlook but that of a community which was largely made up of people more or less recently transplanted to a new environment, and as the community became increasingly composed of

those whose background and outlook were Canadian, painters of the same upbringing carried on, each period representing the Canada of its time. That this is an age of easy communication and many periodicals, art and otherwise, is evidenced in the examples of landscape painting coming from different parts of Canada which show strongly the effect of the various ultra-modern theories which, while now on the wane in Europe, are still being rehashed on this side of the water, both North and South of our international boundary, in the name of, of all amusing things, originality.

MODERNISM WITHOUT "ULTRA"

If Canada has suffered less from some of the worst forms of these fevers and hallucinations it is, I think, because our Northern climate is too healthful and invigorating and our mode of life too wholesome for the more insane and degenerate ideas spawned in the hectic and unwholesome atmosphere surrounding the Moulin de la Galette in Paris, to take any real hold upon us and even such of its milder forms of miasma as may have affected us are unlikely to make any lasting impression. The dictum of de Vlaminck that "In art, theories have the same utility as the doctor's prescription; in order to follow them one must be ill" is more than a mere "jeu-d'esprit" and a healthy man will act on his own initiative and express his own reaction to the world about him rather than as a marionette who can only move when some theorist pulls the strings. Evidences of infection have not been lacking but the true modernism which is alive in all countries rather than the "Ultra" affectations may be trusted to win out in the long run.





Tom Thomson, Canada.

The West Wind.

Presented to the Art Gallery of Toronto by the Canadian Club of Toronto



J. E. H. Macdonald, A.R.C.A., Canada.

The Beaver Dam.

Purchased from the Rueben and Kate Leonard Fund. The Art Gallery of Toronto.



A scene on the lower St. Lawrence River. The photograph was taken from the deck of a passing steamship.



Front view of Norway House post from Nelson River.

The Story of Norway House

By ROBERT WATSON

CERTAIN famous fur-trade posts immediately stand out in the mind when the subject of our early history crops up. This is quite natural, because Canada as we know it to-day evolved from the fur-trading posts, and the hub-life of the country was at one time centered in those scattered but-in-themselves lively communities. Fort Prince of Wales, York Factory, Fort Garry, Norway House, Fort St. James, Fort Victoria—who has not heard of them? But, after all, how little do we retain in our minds of the actual history of these important landmarks in our country's progress! We read history much as we would read an ephemeral novel, absorbed in it while the story lasts, but forgetting it in a week's time. This perhaps carries one compensating factor, that when we peruse an article on Canadian history it carries a certain freshness and piquancy for us it would not do otherwise if our memories were keener to what we had read before, in part at least.

It was the writer's privilege to make a personal investiga-

tion of the history and locations of Norway House, about three years ago, and since that time anything touching on this subject has had his especial interest. Perhaps, therefore, a brief survey of findings will prove not without value to others.



ROBERT WATSON

The author of five Canadian novels, two British novels, a book of ballads and poems, two historical books, a natural history study in verse for children, a text book on literature and a book of travel for boys, all in the space of 22 years, are amongst the achievements of Robert Watson, who was born in Glasgow, Scotland, 1882. Mr. Watson came to British Columbia in 1908, and it was during ten years spent in the shipping business in Vancouver that he began his writing. Leaving this he spent more than six years in the interior of British Columbia, one year in Saskatchewan and six in Manitoba on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company. He is now Editor of that company's magazine, "The Beaver."

To-day the Hudson's Bay Company trading post is situated on what is locally known as Ross Island, named after Chief Factor Donald Ross. There is a much larger Ross Island to the North shown on Government maps.

This Island on which Norway House post is situated is 772 acres in extent, of which the Company's property occupies 138.28 acres, with an additional 75.25 acres across the narrow neck of water, upon which Playgreen Cemetery is situated.

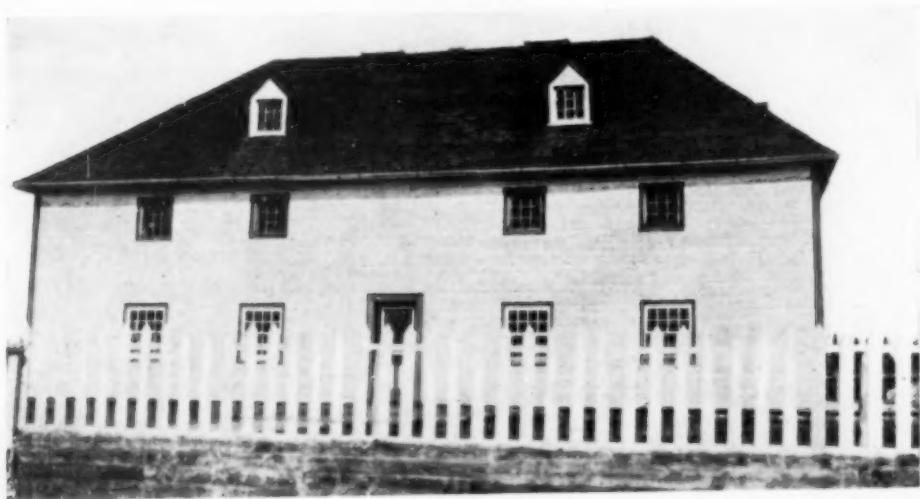
The Cree name of Norway House is Kee-nu-say-yu See-pee (phonetic) meaning "Fish River". The waters about the post are often referred to as "Jack River", although Jack Fish River proper joins the Nelson River at what is known locally as the "Crooked Turn".



Council House, where Governor George Simpson and Donald A. Smith held council.



The last York boat, built in 1923



Men's house, with library and billiards rooms



Bachelors' Hall (1838), where R. M. Ballantyne lived in 1841.



Last of the old forge at Norway House.



Rossville Mission Church. The site of Rev. James Evan's original church is in foreground.



Chief Factor Donald Ross, in charge of Norway House, 1830-1851, from a painting by Paul Kane, 1846.

The Island is bounded on the West by the Nelson River as it opens up North into Little Playgreen Lake, a delightful stretch of water about five miles by 10 miles in area, containing about 30 little tree-covered islands, on many of which are the homes of settlers.

R. M. Ballantyne, the famous British writer of boys' stories, spent his first year's apprenticeship with the Hudson's Bay Company at Norway House and his word picture of the post, in 1841, but for the wigwam and voyageurs, might well describe it today:—

"This fort is built at the mouth of a small and sluggish stream, known by the name of Jack River. The houses are ranged in the form of a square; none of them exceeds one storey in height, and most of them are white-washed. The ground on which it stands is rocky; and a small garden, composed chiefly of sand, juts out from the stockades like a strange excrescence.

"A large, rugged mass of rocks rises up between the fort and Playgreen Lake, which stretches out to the

horizon on the other side of them. On the top of these rocks stands a flagstaff, as a beacon to guide the traveller; for Norway House is so ingeniously hid in the hollow that it cannot be seen from the lake till the boat almost touches the wharf.

"On the left side of the building extends a flat grassy park or green, upon which during the Summer months there is often a picturesque and interesting scene. Spread out to dry in the sun may be seen the snowy tent of the chief factor, lately arrived. A little further off, on the rising ground, stands a dark and almost imperceptible wigwam, the small wreath of white smoke issuing from the top proving that it is inhabited. On the river bank three or four boats and a North canoe are hauled up; and just above them a number of sunburned voyageurs and a few Indians amuse themselves with various games, or recline upon the grass, basking in the sunshine. Behind the fort stretches the thick forest, its outline broken here and there by cuttings of firewood or small clearings for farming.

"From the rocks before mentioned, on which the flagstaff stands, we had a fine view of Playgreen Lake. There was nothing striking or bold in the scene, the country being low and swampy, and no hills rose on the horizon or cast their shadows on the



Roderick Ross (grandson of Donald Ross), still resident in Norway House district.

lake; but it was pleasing and tranquil and enlivened by one or two boats sailing about on the water."

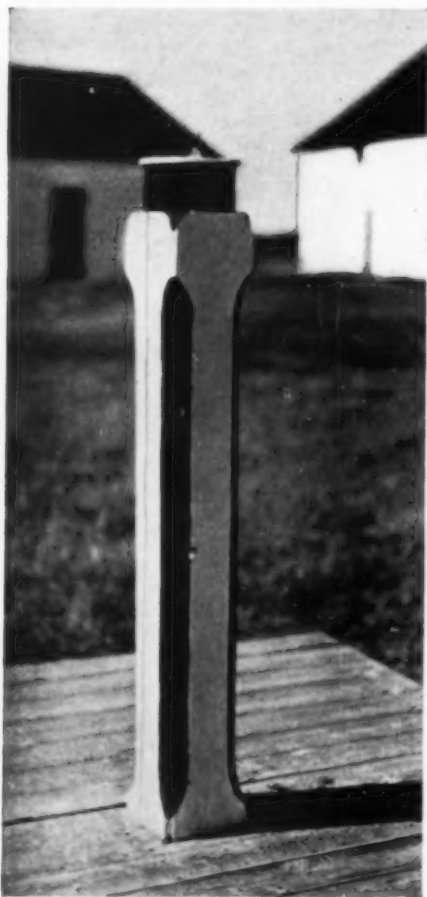
This site, with the charge of what was then the new post of Norway House, was in the care of Chief Trader John McLeod, whose journal of 1826-27 refers to the choosing of a site and the progress of the various buildings then being erected.



Site of Hudson's Bay Company Depot (Warren's Landing), burned down, 1824.



Mary and Billy Ross (great-grandchildren of Donald Ross), resident in Norway House district.



"Franklin" sundial, Norway House.

Governor Simpson is recorded as visiting the post on June 17th, 1827, and Captain Franklin on June 23rd, when the latter awaited the arrival of Dr. Richardson. Of course, Governor Simpson visited Norway House on numerous other occasions.

Chief Trader Donald Ross (later Chief Factor) was placed in charge of Norway House in 1830 and from that time the post appears to have taken on an air of importance and prosperity, due in part at least to his capable management. He remained in charge during its hey-day, 1830 to 1851.

His Summary Report of Norway House District and Depot dated May 31st, 1831, states:

"The present establishment of Norway House is situated on one of the numerous branches formed by the waters of Lake Winnipeg, on their way towards the Bay—and on the South bank of the small or Lower Playgreen Lake, about four miles below the old Fort of Jack River and 20 miles below the late abandoned establishment of Norway House.

"This situation has in some respects a very decided advantage over the former—by affording a safe and commodious harbour for craft of any size and in all weathers—the best fisheries in this quarter are within one to four miles of the port—firewood for the consumption of many years can be

got at no great distance and timber for craft and house building of a large size and good quality is to be found on the islands and along the banks of the lake at from five to eight miles distance."

The "late abandoned establishment of Norway House" was, of course, the depot at the head of Lake Winnipeg.

The present buildings at Norway House form a quadrangle, inside which is an open, grassy space.

To meet the growth of trade and the increasing importance of the post as the centre of the Company's transport system in the West, and to lodge the numerous officers and servants of the Company who had to stop over, also to house in a befitting manner the Council meetings of Governor George Simpson and his officers, substantial houses were built in the years 1832-35.

Norway House district has now a population of about 75 whites and 1,100 Indians and half-breeds. The Indians are Crees and the half-breeds chiefly Cree-Scots whose ancestors settled there from York Factory.

Fine gardens were under cultivation at Norway House in the old days and an abundance of splendid red currants are still enjoyed from bushes originally planted by Chief Factor Donald Ross.

As an example of the extraordinary productivity of this old Northern Mani-



Monument to C. F. Belanger and Stanley Simpson on the Point, Norway House.

toba garden, one cannot do better than quote from the fort journal of October, 1833:



Jack River Anglican Mission, chiefly with Cree Indian congregation.



Cree Indian woman at Norway House.

"Thursday, 10th—Got the last of our potatoes taken up. . . . 360 kegs of eight gallons—from 15 kegs planted in Spring—equal to 24 fold return."

The climate at Norway House is dry and severe in Winter, ranging anywhere from 10 to 30 degrees below zero. In the Summer it is warm, up to 80 and 90 degrees during the day, with an average of 65 degrees.

Wild flowers grow in profusion and wondrous colours. Migratory birds of many sorts make temporary abode there, while ravens, chickadees, grosbeaks, owl, hawks and sparrows winter there.

Of the older buildings still in good preservation at Norway House post, the

most important are Bachelors' Hall, dated 1838, and occupied by R. M. Ballantyne, in 1841 (still the abode of the Company's young apprentices attached to the post), and the Council House, immediately West of Bachelors' Hall, the scene of many council meetings presided over by Governor George Simpson and Donald A. Smith, later Lord Strathcona.

In those days Norway House was probably second only to Fort Garry in point of importance. The armchair used by Governor Simpson on the occasions of Council meetings at Norway House is still preserved there in its unpainted and well-rubbed state.

The jail, situated East of the Provision Depot, on the South side of the post is a fine stone relic, built on a rough granite foundation, with white-washed walls two feet thick. The windows are mere slits 22 inches high and six inches wide. The jail bears the date 1855 deeply chiselled into the coping-stone over the doorway.

The stockade no longer exists, but in the early days Norway House was stockaded like the other posts of the Company. Records show a garden stockade in 1830-31 and a substantial fort stockade in 1835. The remains of the stockade are still to be seen.

The Clerks' or Men's House is another old building of interest and seems to be the same as is referred to by Ballantyne in his "Hudson Bay", where clerks and travellers foregathered to recount and listen to exciting tales of the great Northland.

In the Clerks' House is still lodged part of one of the famous old libraries of the Company. It contains nearly 400 volumes of somewhat solid reading matter. There was probably a nucleus of this library at a very early period, but it was substantially set up in 1870 by the officers of the Company, many noted names appearing among the subscribers to its upkeep—Donald A. Smith, W. J. Christie, Jos. J. Hargrave, Robert Campbell, Peter Bell, Richard Hardisty and others. Quaint remarks are written in the fly-leaves of a number of these old volumes.

The powder magazine, situated 200 yards North-east of the fort, is probably the oldest stone building in Northern

Manitoba. It is of rough-hewn granite, with corners of dressed sandstone, and bears the date 1838. It is still in a good state of preservation.

Other relics at Norway House are the "Franklin" sundial and the bell on the roof of the Archway Warehouse. This bell is the oldest object of interest at Norway House, ante-dating the post itself. The following is moulded on the bell in raised letters:—"Ship 'Sea Horse', launched March 30th, 1782, Hudson's Bay Company". This bell is still rung morning, noon and night, and on other special occasions.

The Belanger Monument never fails to attract the attention of visitors. It is of rough-grey granite and stands on the rocky headland in front of the post, close by the flagstaff. Its inscription tells its own story of a young clerk who lost his own life in his endeavour to save that of his master.

"Erected by the Commissioned Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company in memory of Horace Belanger, Chief Factor, who was drowned near here on October 1st, 1892, and of Stanley Simpson, clerk, who was drowned at the same time in trying to save the life of his master and friend."

Playgreen Cemetery, situated across the narrow neck of Nelson River, opposite the fort and on a sunny slope that inclines gently to Little Playgreen Lake, tells the story of other days in the marble and granite tombstones and slabs that mark the last resting places of many early pioneers who ended their days at Norway House. There is a peace and serenity about the little graveyard broken only by the swishing of the water, the sighing of the wind and the cry of the gulls.

About two miles from the post, by water, lies the village of Rossville, an outpost of the Company, which marks the place of the early ministrations of the Rev. James Evans, starting 1840.

Here Evans conceived and perfected his famous system of writing known as the Cree Syllabics. Here he instituted a printing press from an old fur press, with type cast from the lead from Hudson's Bay Company tea chests, ink made from chimney soot, and printing matter from the leaves made of birch bark. With these crude implements and

materials he printed 5,000 pages. He bound also 100 copies of a small volume of 16 pages of hymns.

Less than 50 characters in the syllabic cover the Cree language, and it is said that an intelligent Cree can be taught to read it after a week's study.

In the days of Chief Trader Donald Ross, Norway House became increasingly a place of importance as a transport centre. In 1831 Governor Simpson refers to it thus. "This Establishment, being situated at the junction of the two principal roads or lines of communication between the Factory and the Interior, is a place of much resort and bustle during the Summer and is used as an entrepot for the Athabasca and



Bell of "Sea Horse", 1782.

Mackenzie River Districts, where their returns are received and their outfits delivered, the distance between those districts and the factory being too great for loaded boats to perform the whole voyage, and as the business is now conducted it answers all the purposes of a depot, although stripped of most of the expenses which usually attach to such establishments. A great proportion of the Red River outfits and returns, the latter consisting chiefly of provisions, are likewise deposited here until opportunities offer of forwarding them to their destinations. It is moreover a convenient place for boat building, and having a good fishery close at hand, super-

In December 23rd, 1834, Donald Ross in his diary, says:—"The total number of fish caught this Fall is about 35,000, say 12,000 at the fort, 22,000 at Jack River two fisheries, and 1,000 by Joe Colen".

These fish were hung (air-dried) and stored for Winter use. The fish were chiefly whitefish, although sturgeon were also caught in considerable quantities.

Meat and fowl were also plentiful, the hunters bringing in caribou, geese and ducks from time to time.

The present Norway House site is really the third for this post. Some of the older inhabitants can remember hearing from their grandparents of the



Stone jail, built in 1855, at Norway House.

numeraries are frequently sent here where they are maintained at little expense....."

Norway House was a famous centre for the building of York boats in the days when they were popular and useful, supplanting as they did the birch-bark canoe, and forerunning the railway and the steamboat.

The last two York boats for Hudson's Bay Company service were built at Norway House as recently as 1923.

Norway House was fortunate in its closeness to good fishing waters, and repeated references are found in the journals to the prolific fishing obtained.

original Hudson's Bay Company post, situated South of the present site, on a branch of the Nelson River which meets the Jack River, at a place called "Pasquiskaganis", meaning "Big Clearing". At this point there are still to be seen ridges which mark the foundations of the old buildings, but nothing more is left to identify the spot.

Here, in all likelihood, was the post originally established by William Sinclair in 1801.

His Oxford House journal for 1800-01 records under date of August 15th, 1801—"Embarked two canoes with six men and a good assortment of trading goods

to go to the Jack Lake and there to erect a house to pass the Winter in, it is a plentiful part of the country, both for furs and provisions."

It was evidently to this small establishment at Jack River that the first party of eight Norwegians, with an overseer (Enner Holte) was sent in 1814 for the purpose of opening up land communications between York Factory and the interior. There they immediately built a large hut for themselves and were then employed on clearing and building. Later they would appear to have been employed clearing land for

Shortly after the coalition of the North West and the Hudson's Bay Companies in 1821, a depot was established on a peninsula situated on the Northern shoreline of Lake Winnipeg, about a mile North of the fish station now at Warren's Landing, and there for a few years the important transportation business of the district was transacted. A clearing and well-defined foundations alone mark this site to-day.

This Depot was destroyed by fire in December, 1824, and the necessity for immediate rebuilding no doubt caused Governor Simpson and his Council to



Powder magazine, built 1838, at Norway House. This is the oldest stone building in Northern Manitoba.

other establishments, at the head of Winnipeg Lake, White Falls, and elsewhere.

In 1815 Jack River post consisted of "five dwelling houses, a kitchen, trading room and two storehouses scattered promiscuously among the rocks".

It was to this post also that the Selkirk settlers, driven from their homes at Fort Douglas after the killing of Governor Semple at Seven Oaks on June 19th, 1816, arising out of the conflict between the North West Company and Hudson's Bay Company, had to resort, seeking shelter and sustenance as best they could on these bleak shores North of Lake Winnipeg, 300 miles distant.

make fresh inquiry as to the best possible location for an up-to-date establishment to meet all the requirements of the growing trade between Fort Garry, the Saskatchewan River and York Factory, a central point of transfer for the entire Western water transport system then in operation by the Company. The result of these inquiries was the choice of the present site, upon which the post was erected in 1826.

The Cree Indians, of which the native population of Norway House is largely comprised, came originally from Manitoba and Saskatchewan, between the Red and Saskatchewan Rivers, and ranging Eastward down the Nelson



The Archway Warehouse, showing sundial and bell, Norway House.

River to Hudson Bay and Northward toward Athabaska Lake.

Nomadic in their habits, their movements were at one period largely governed by the food supply and as this was chiefly on the hoof, they were seldom in one place. Nowadays, of course, they have become more settled.

The Crees, in the main, are a fine type of Indian, medium in stature, nicely proportioned and very active. Many of the men are first-rate canoemen. They live chiefly by trapping, hunting,

fishing and freighting. The women, when young, are comely. The Cree and Chippewa Indians are closely related in language and religious beliefs, besides having many other characteristics in common. From a census taken in 1911 it was estimated there were 18,000 Crees in Canada.

At Norway House there is now an air of undisturbed calm. The dashing glory and ceaseless Summer activity have long departed, yet the neat exterior of the fort presents much the same picture



Old library in men's house.

*York boat fleet.*

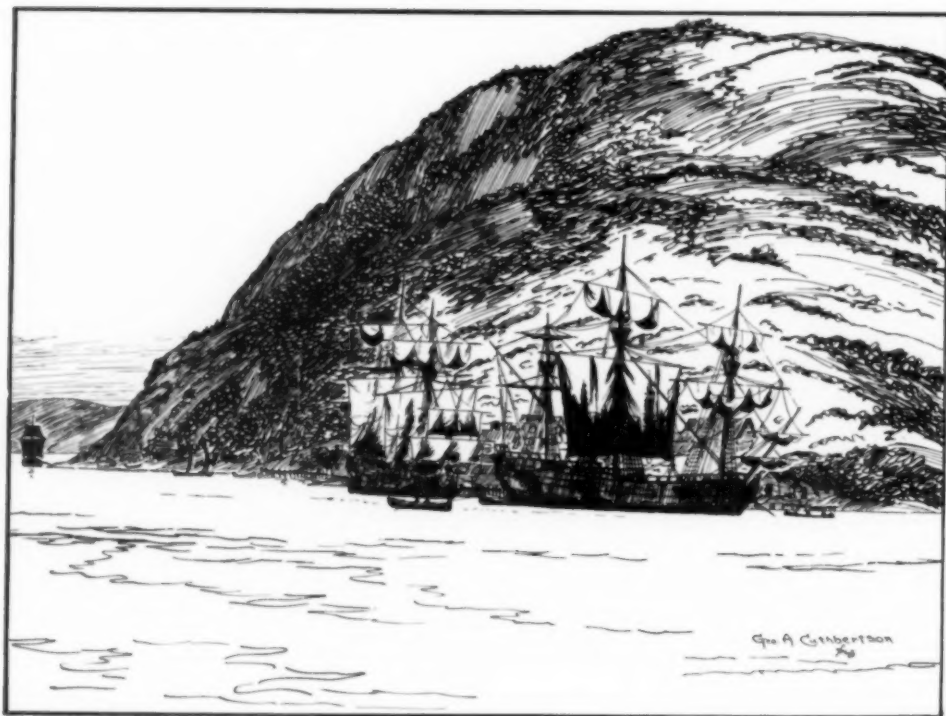
to the eye as it did in the old days when the fleets of York boats and large freight canoes raced in from York Factory, the Saskatchewan and the Red River, with their singing, swaggering, noisy voyageurs, ever ready for a fight or a convivial party—careless, light-hearted, generous, fearless, childlike.

The beauty of the Nelson and Jack Rivers, and Little Playgreen Lake with its score and a half of fairy isles, has been preserved through the years, and it would seem will so remain "a joy forever" amid the barrenness and swamp of the surroundings.



From a drawing by Arthur E. Elias.

Winnipeg, about 1870.



Huguenot traders at the
site of Quebec - - circa
1612. » » »

Some Fresh Glimpses of a Familiar River

Written by DOUGLAS MacKAY

Illustrated by George A. Cuthbertson

THE very beginnings of the St. Lawrence river are on an heroic scale. This is no river which rises in a marsh and trickles down over bog lands to a pastoral valley gathering a lazy expanse on its way to the sea. The St. Lawrence catches up the waters of Lake Ontario in a generous sweep as it presses eastward through the Thousand Islands. The cold, blue-green water of Lake Ontario could give birth only to a mighty stream.

It was Thoreau who described the Great Lakes—St. Lawrence chain as a single river two thousand miles long rising in that great spring in the woods, Lake Superior, and tumbling down at one place, Niagara, with such violence that it was heard all over the world, yet at its mouth it was five miles wide. Here where the St. Lawrence narrows it is difficult to comprehend that vastness of the flow which is moving irresistibly down the St. Lawrence valley to the Atlantic. Four hundred thousand square miles of forest, farm and mountain are drained into the Great Lakes basin and two million Canadians have their homes within the sound of steamship whistles.

The importance of rivers has remained unchanged despite the movements of people and the rise of our modern civilization. Industries one hundred years ago clung to the river banks where water turned the factory wheels. Steam propulsion took the factories to the coal fields and now our own times find industries again by the side of swift-moving water to secure the benefits of electrical power. So, these blue lines across the maps of nations remain the true arteries. Railways span our rivers with bridges or dive under them through tunnels; air routes are chartered in direct lines through the skies; but people build homes by the river banks and cities are known by the rivers they cling to.

It is so with the upper reaches of the St. Lawrence where communities that

were once sleepy county towns with their square, court-house and jail, apparently destined forever to watching the freighters move through the canals, have sprung into life under the impetus of electrical power and have assumed the proportions of mature cities. Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Valleyfield no longer can be considered as leisurely, pleasant communities with interesting historical backgrounds; they are part of industrial Canada.

The St. Lawrence River narrows quickly after the Thousand Islands are passed to a width of a mile and a half. Between this point and Montreal it



Ketch on St. Lawrence between Bellechase and Quebec.

sometimes opens into broad, quiet lakes and sometimes its banks pinch the river into rapids. The rapids of the St. Lawrence make the fastest-moving water in the world which is navigable by steamship. In all there are eight series of these rapids growing progressively more violent and picturesque in character until the water spreads out at an easier pace in the harbour of Montreal.

Like Niagara Falls, the rapids of the St. Lawrence have remained for generations an unfailing tourist attraction. On the rapids boats, which make a day trip from Prescott to Montreal, one finds not only the casual excursionist whose ready-made itinerary takes him over this route but also the unobtrusive, studious traveller whose careful examination of maps and guide books has brought him to this extraordinary waterway. These quiet men and women, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and others, who have retained an intelligent curiosity about the world in which they live, are the pure gold of the tourist traffic. There are always a few on the rapids trip. During the 1929 season more than 35,000 passengers were carried down the rapids by Canada Steamship Lines.

On the map this westerly section of the St. Lawrence appears to be a

generously-spread-out international boundary but, actually, the boundary swings to North and South cutting an island into American territory here and into Canadian territory there, until just below Cornwall it swings South and both sides of the river are in Canada.

The swiftest water on this trip is between Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis. Here, in a series of five rapids, known consecutively as Coteau, Cedar, Split Rock, Cascades and Soulanges, the ships descend 85 feet in fifteen minutes. It is this drop which is being taken advantage of for the development of electrical power on a larger scale than has ever been undertaken in the St. Lawrence valley.

Just above that broadening of the St. Lawrence which is called Lake St. Louis, the Ottawa river pours in from the Northland. The Summer residents along the lake shore will tell you that if you

want really invigorating swimming you must avoid the softer waters of the Ottawa and go into the middle of the lake to get the chilly blue water which has come from the forest watersheds of Lake Superior and been flung 300 feet through the air at Niagara. Lake St. Louis is 12 miles long and six miles wide. It narrows down to form the last of the rapids, at Lachine.

Though there is no salt water at Montreal the river here has the flavour of the sea. Here the lake freighters with their wheel-houses almost on the very bow and their engines tucked away aft, lie longside the salt water freighters and the lofty liners. A word about these lake boats. They are not beautiful ships from a marine artist's point of view, but to the shipper they are delightful pictures. They are a type which has been evolved for handling freight on freshwater and for operating through canals



DOUGLAS MACKAY

was born in Woodstock, Ont., 1900. Educated Toronto Schools, Woodstock College, and Columbia University. Served on staff of "Winnipeg Tribune," and for five years was with the Canadian Press Bureau in the Parliamentary Press Gallery, Ottawa. Contributor to "New York Times", "The Nation", "Sunday Times", London, and other publications.



Coaster with lumber at anchor.

and navigating in the ice floes of early Spring and the gales of December. They nose impatiently through the miles of canals but on reaching open water they settle in to a tireless pace across the lakes. Her Captain, who cannot be persuaded to wear brass buttons, knows the Great Lakes like the palm of his hand. He will not ask you to admire his ship's lines but he might tell you that she can push through from Fort William to Montreal in less than six days. Loading freight on her is as easy as putting your car in the garage and the freight comes out of her with more speed and security than any ship afloat. Two months before you even plan your Summer vacation she is pushing ice out of the St. Mary's River and if the ice didn't freeze a foot thick on her deckhouse in December, her fires would be going twelve months in the year. She is the true lake ship, built on the Great Lakes for service on freshwater.



GEORGE A. CUTHBERTSON

Born at Toronto, 1891. Educated Model School, University of Toronto Schools, Westmount Academy, Montreal, and at 16 entered Royal Military College, Kingston. From earliest boyhood he showed deep interest in ships and navigation, and not liking the Army, at 17 he secured a commission in the Royal Navy Reserve, and the added distinction of being the youngest Canadian Naval officer at that time. While serving in Canadian waters and abroad during the war, Mr. Cuthbertson gave spare time to a study of ships and shipping which led him to research work in marine museums and the public archives of Great Britain and the Continent, this work resulting in much long-forgotten marine history of the Great Lakes being brought to light.

river that most of the legends come. Here the river has become inseparable from the history of a great race. The history of the St. Lawrence might, in fact, be called the history of the French-Canadian people.

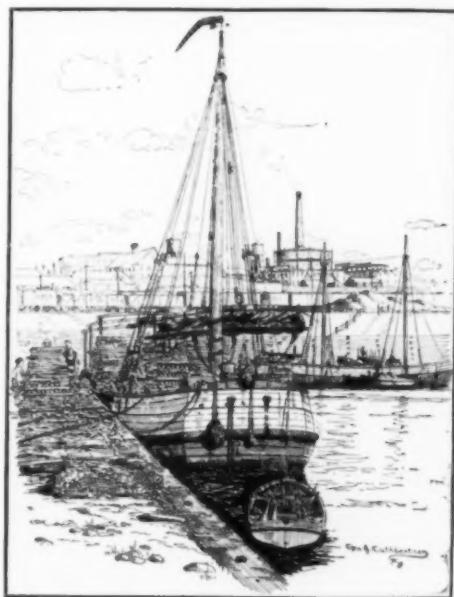
The very names of places on this part of the river between Montreal and Quebec ring of Royal France of two centuries ago. We who are casually familiar with names of the Province of Quebec are apt to miss the glamour which they suggest to one who comes upon them for the first time. Such names as Vaudreuil, Maisonneuve, Longueuil, Varennes, Vercheres and Sorel have definite associations in Canadian history which should stir the imagination with vivid pictures of other days.

But apart from names which echo the tramp of marching men and the faint roll of drums, the

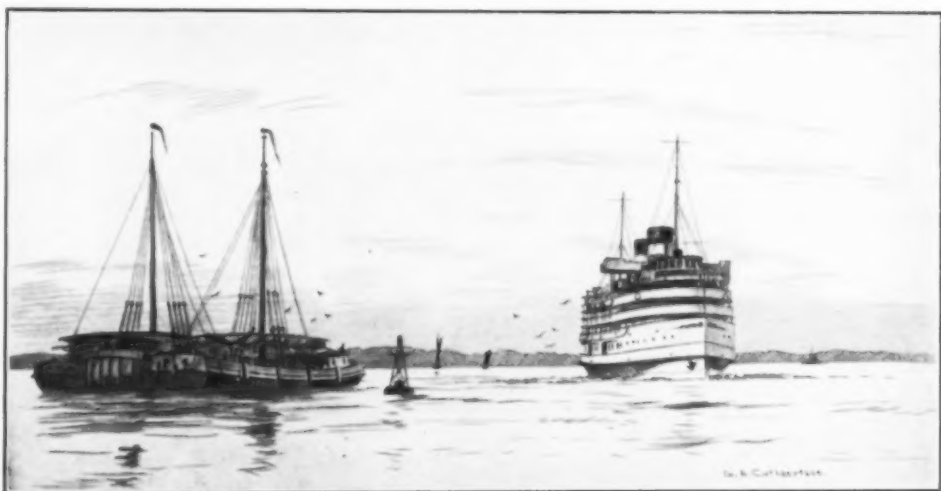
(Continued on page 000)

In Montreal harbour you will see these ships unloading grain brought from the Head of the Lakes or taking on package freight for inland ports. They will also be seen on the lower river with general freight, sometimes pulpwood is piled high on the deck. Sometimes on special missions they go down to the sea for cargoes of Nova Scotia coal or shells on the Labrador coast. The salt water men may pass disparaging comment about these ships and their men but they know nothing of the problems of the lakes and a salt water captain would probably age very rapidly on the bridge of a lake freighter.

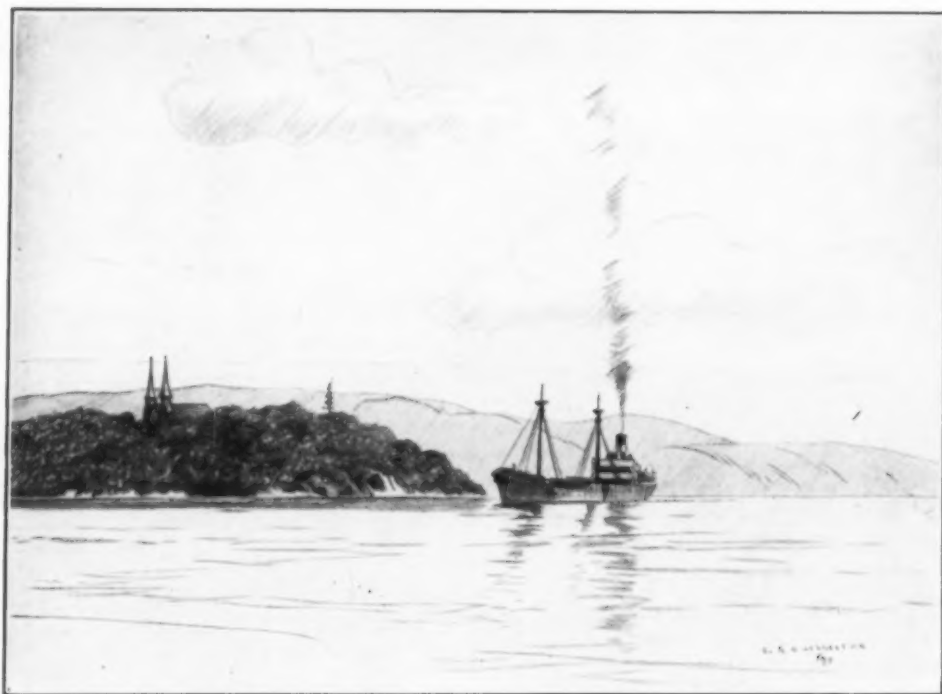
The St. Lawrence below Montreal is like a man who has emerged from the storm and stress of adolescence into mature dignity. The river no longer takes sudden turns or rushes into the spray of rapids. It is from the lower



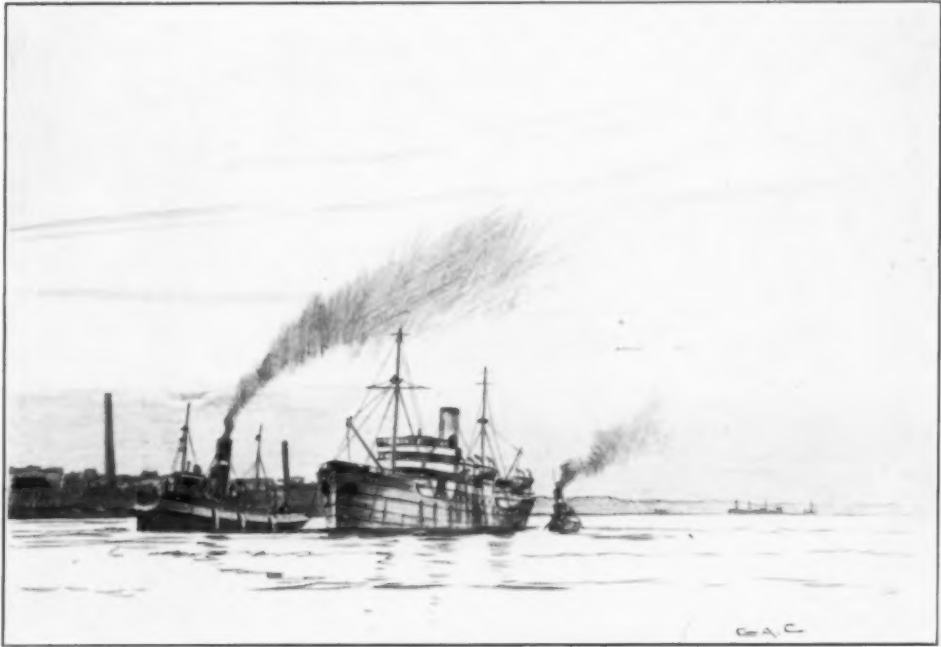
A French-Canadian "Pin-flat."



The old and new on the St. Lawrence.



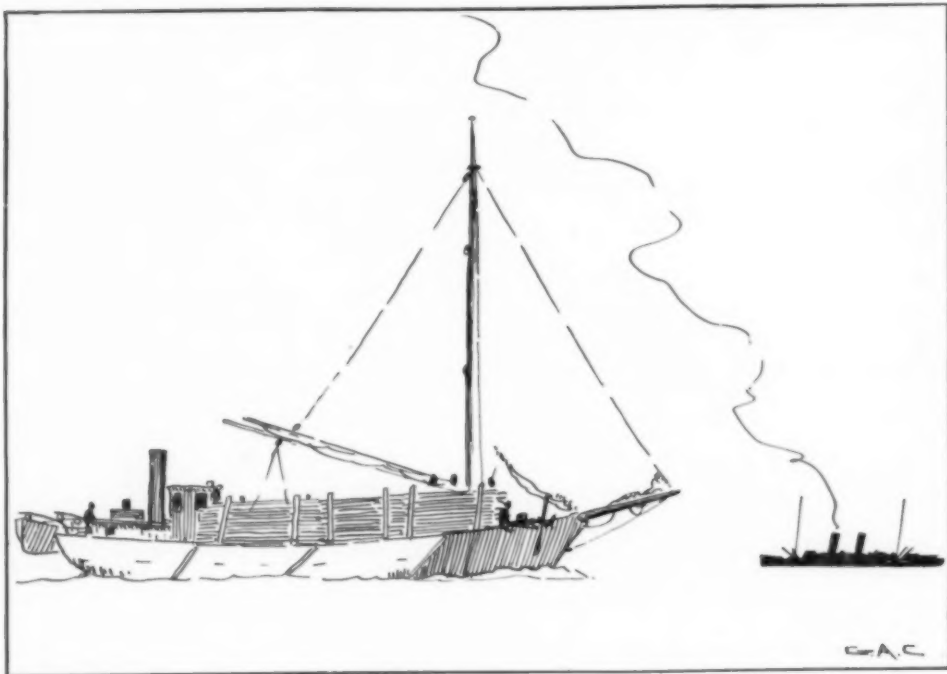
Near Batiscan, St. Lawrence River.



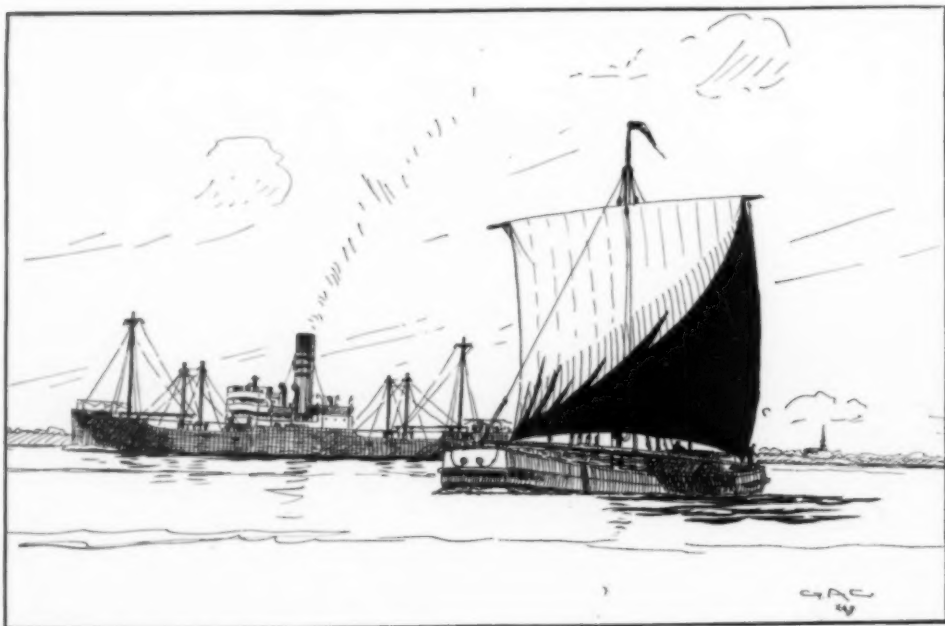
Tugs aiding to dock a freighter at Montreal harbour.



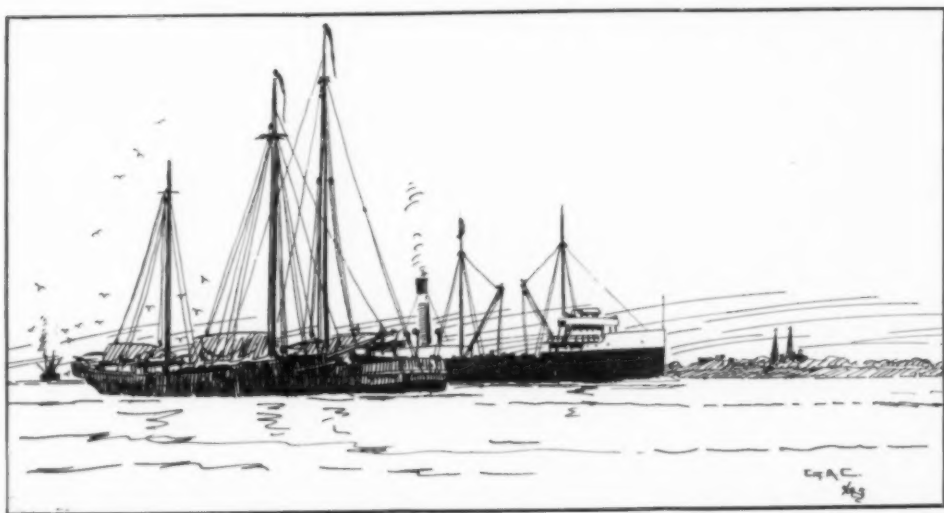
"Pack-mule of the sea"—a tramp steamer.



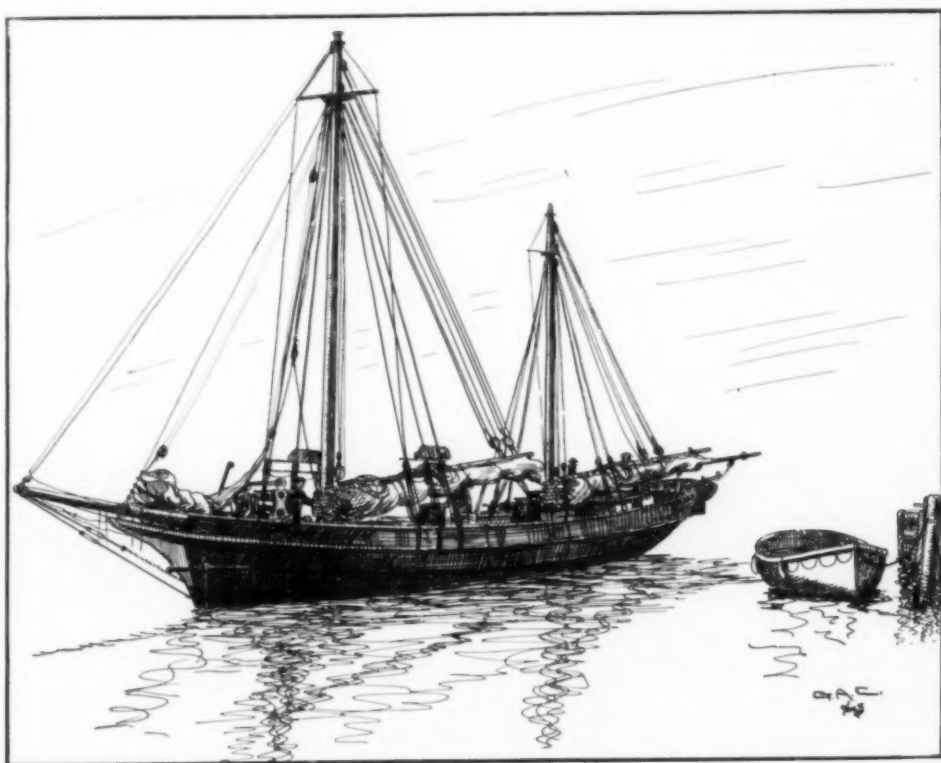
Gulf of St. Lawrence motor-driven auxiliary ketch—with load of lumber and planks.



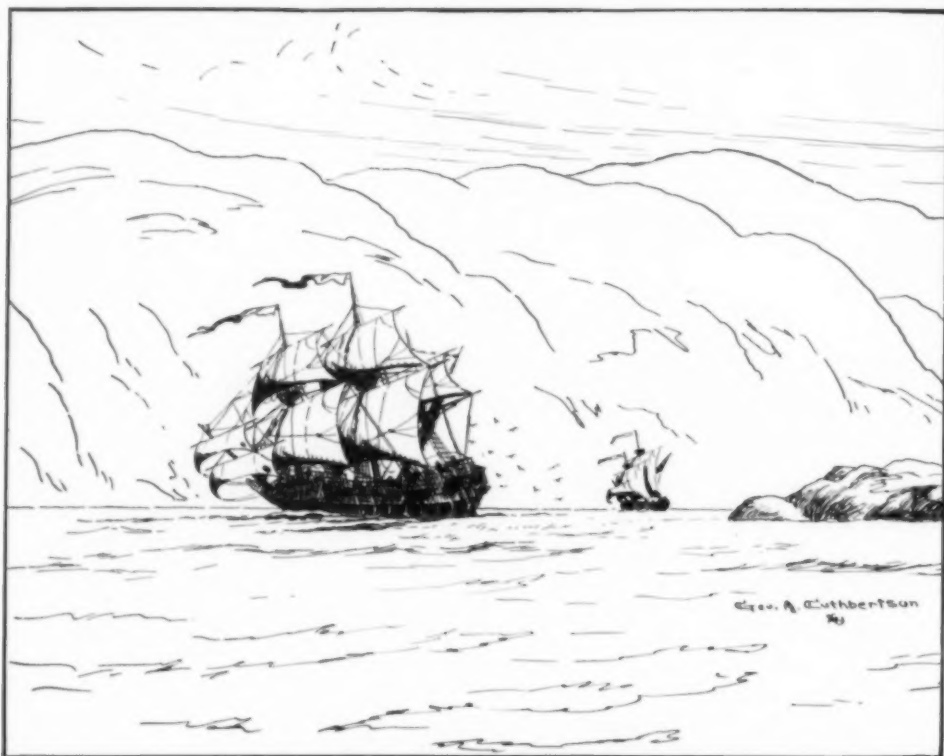
St. Lawrence River type of sailing barge.



Ketch barge at anchor below Montreal with "S.S. Calgarian" in background.



An Ile au Coudre ketch.



A Rochelle trader coming out of the Saguenay—circa 1600.

(Continued from page 307)

province is marked with rich-sounding words which familiarity has slurred over, but often a moment's hesitation along with the repetition of some of these names will bring out their true charm. What, for instance, could be a more completely satisfactory place name for a placid village nestling under Saguenay capes than L'Anse St. Jean? The easy flow of the sounds suggests nothing if not an age-old contentment. From an Indian legend of the Saguenay comes the strangest of all the village names—Descente Des Femmes; when famine settled over an Indian village centuries ago a group of native women pushed through the wilderness and crawled down the tortuous cliffs of the Saguenay to find help for their tribe.

The majesty of the mountain outline of the Laurentians along the North shore of the lower St. Lawrence seems to find expression in the vigorous name of Cap a L'Aigle, while the ponderous majesty of the hills seems to echo through the

name of Les Eboulements, near Murray Bay. Surrounding the famous Murray Bay summer colony are truly picturesque names of Pointe au Pic and La Malbaie. The great hotel which lends fame to the resort, carries itself a name rich in historical suggestion—Manoir Richelieu.

The Canadians who have not seen Quebec have not felt the true flavour of Canadian history. It is the subject of more paintings and photographs than any Canadian city. Certainly it has been described in print more than any spot in the Dominion, yet despite the professional traveller-writers, the Sunday paper feature writers and the transportation company publicity writers, the city does not grow stale.

While electrical power has brought changes to the upper reaches of the St. Lawrence, the lower river remains unaltered. The shoulders of the Laurentians which make the North shore picturesque are, of course, eternal and time itself does little to alter the ways of those people who live and toil in contentment on these shores. So untroubled

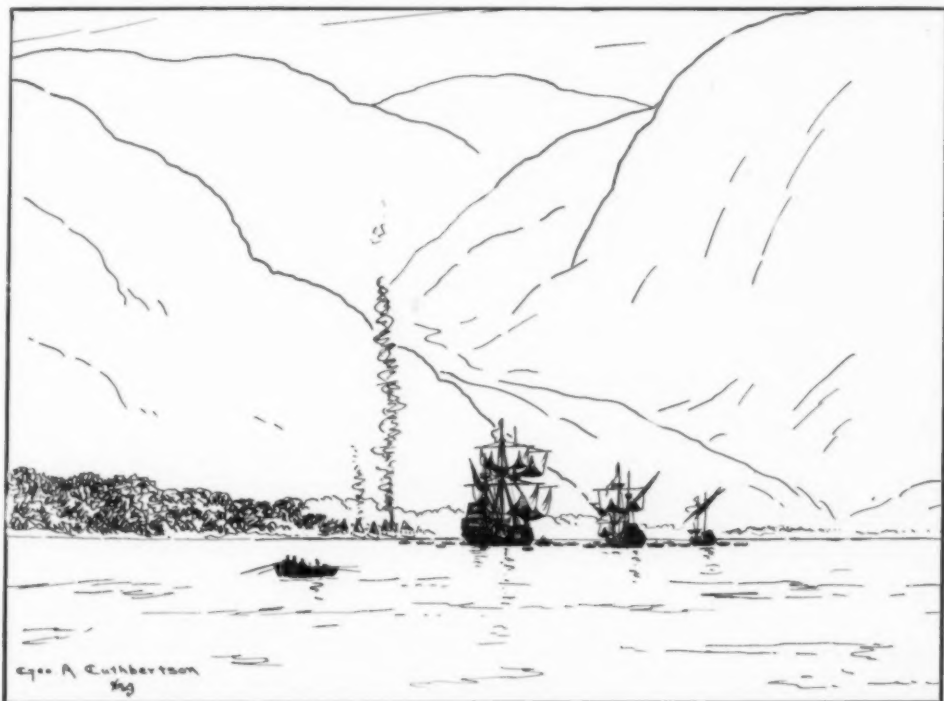
have been these generations by the affairs of this world that the local chronicles must go back to an earthquake in the year 1640 to find an event which really disturbed their existence. Even the conquest of Canada does not seem to have seriously upset the even tenor of their ways. The records of the time speak of Wolfe's armada and of landing parties in search of freshwater or an occasional deserter, but apart from such incidents the actual struggle seems to have passed by the people of the lower St. Lawrence. The peace brought some changes in seigneurial tenure, but the life of the habitant went on.

Adjutor Rivard in his book, "Chez Nous", has successfully interpreted this feeling of timelessness which is so inseparable from rural Quebec. A boy asks the question, "What do you think of it, Uncle Jean? People keep talking of country. Speakers have the words forever on their lips and writers on the tips of their pens. What is one's country, Uncle Jean?"

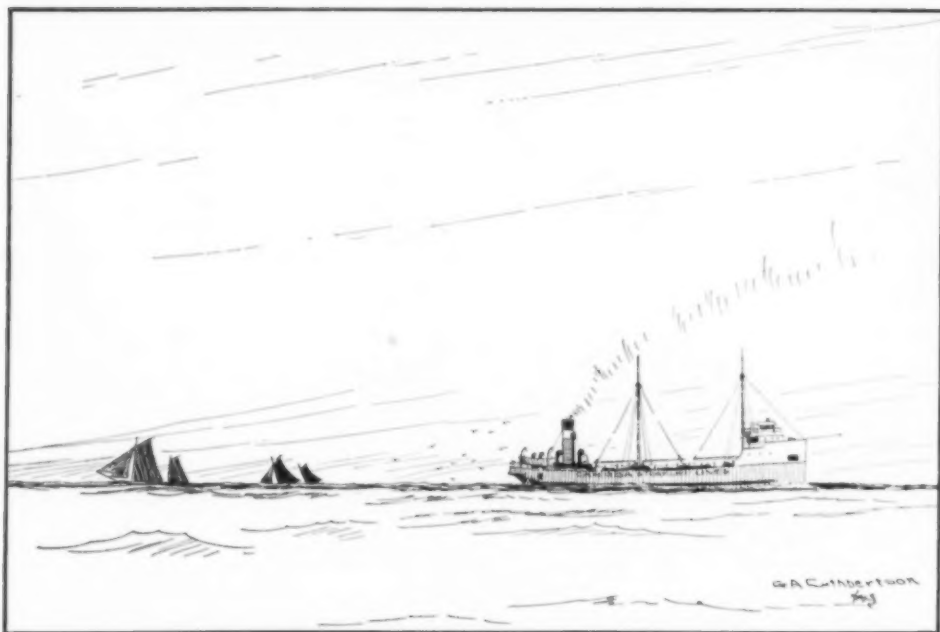
"Two or three times he drew at his pipe in silence and blew a cloud of

smoke; then with eyes still bent on the distant woods, a wide sweep of his hand embraced the fields, meadows and forests; and thus he spoke:

"Our country—it is that. Over there to the Sou'west lives François le Terrien, and beyond him Pierre the son of Denis and then other neighbours and other neighbours again. To the Nor'west we have the big Guillaume and old Ambrose's two sons; and more neighbours and yet more neighbours to the end of the concession and the end of the Parish. Now let us say—I do not know precisely whether it is the case, but it ought to be, let us say that every man of them like myself is on land that belonged to his people. You would have a whole parish rooted in the soil, wouldn't you? And then in the centre stands the church, alongside it the burying ground; close by the curé's house and the curé himself inside it. After our parish there is another parish and another and another, all alike and each with its church steeple, its curé and its buried dead, its old soil worked by fathers and fathers' fathers which one loves more than oneself. There



Rochelle traders in the Saguenay—circa 1600.



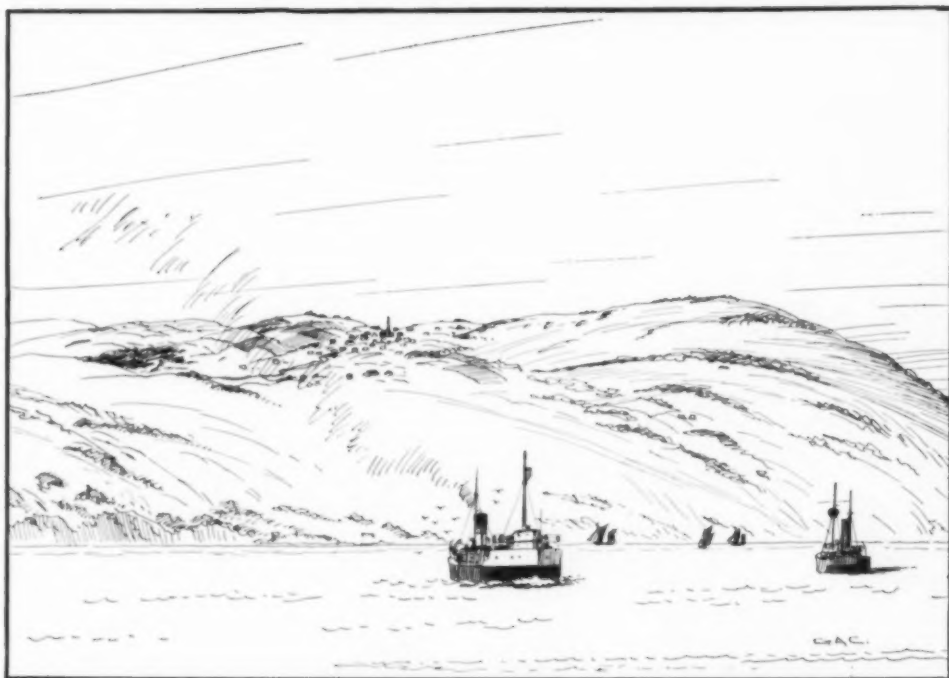
River scene with shipping near Murray Bay.

you have it, this country of ours!" The glimpses of the country which one gets from a liner or a river ship are all

too fleeting. Only a few of the many thousands who travel each Summer on the waters of the St. Lawrence ever come



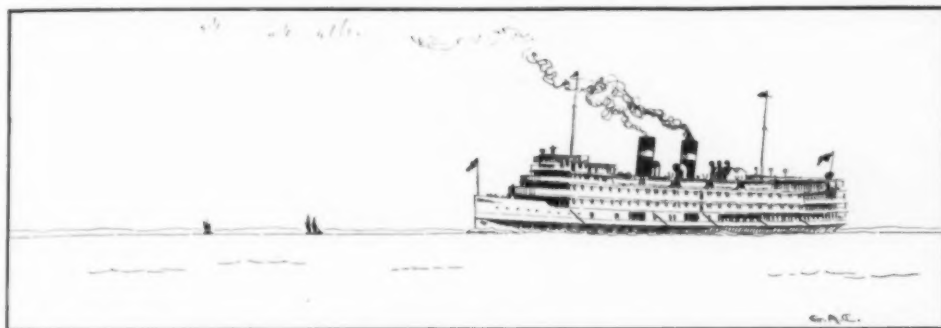
*"Prince Shoal," No. 7 light ship, at mouth of the Saguenay.
S.S. Tadoussac in background.*



Villages, farms and hills between Quebec and Murray Bay.

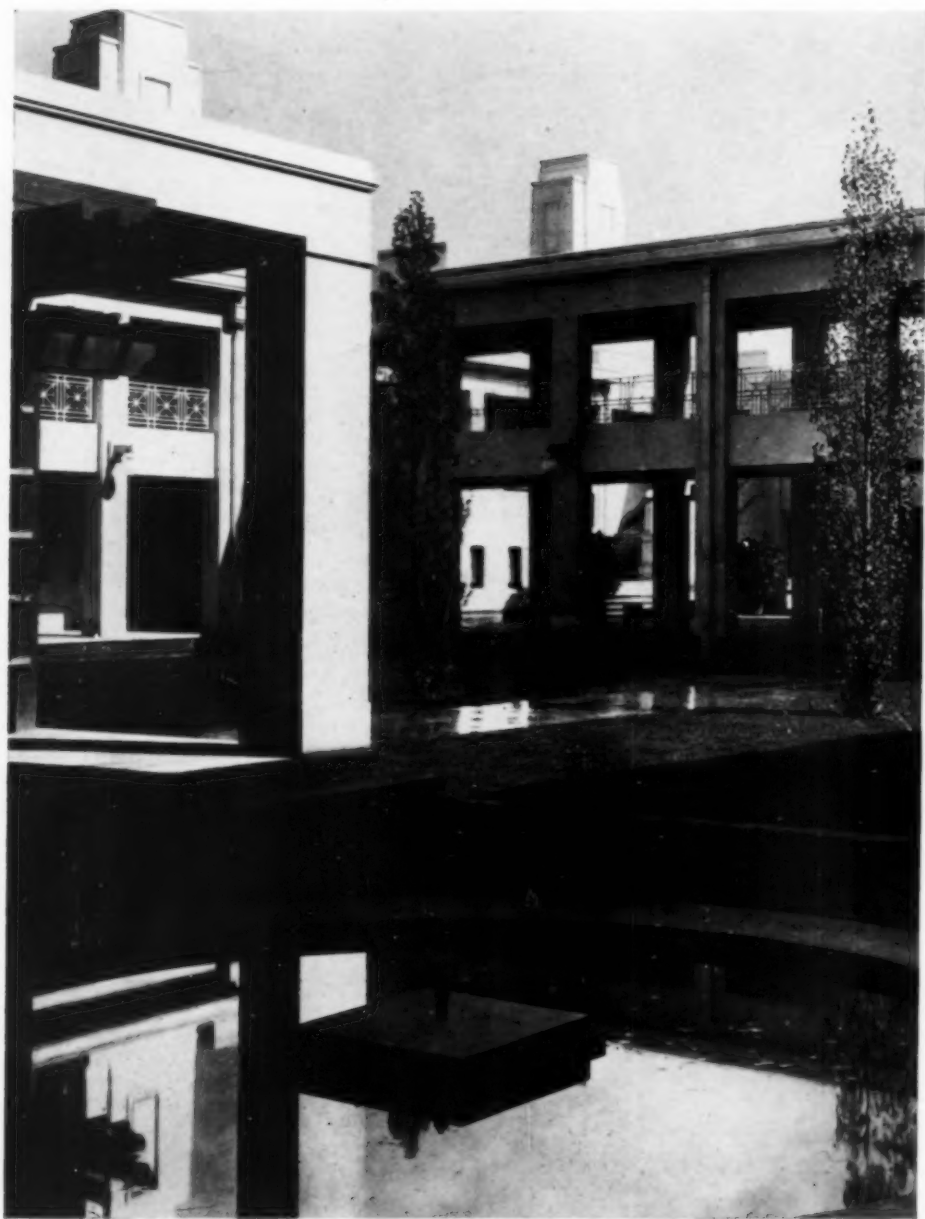
to any genuine understanding of the charm of this countryside. The rising tide of interest in Canadian Winter sports has brought the lower St. Lawrence into new importance. It has been found that Murray Bay has some of the finest weather of the Winter and the villages of Pointe au Pic and La Malbaie are now brighter than ever in their history with sporting crowds of skiers. So, the river moves on down toward

the sea, past Tadoussac where the dark cold waters of the Saguenay pour in from between the cliffs, and the little village reaches around that beautiful sandy cove which has held in its cup ships from all the world since the Norsemen came centuries ago. Eastward to the Gulf the river moves until it becomes lost in that vast tide carrying with it the freshwater from the forest of the lake Superior country two thousand miles away.



One of the big pleasure steamers that ply up and down the river.

(The plates in this article were made by the Journal from original drawings and photographs loaned by courtesy of Canada Steamship Lines, Limited).



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.

Court Yard, Parliament House, Canberra.

Canberra—the Ottawa of Australia

By IVY DEAKIN BROOKES,

With a Preface by Major-General, the Hon. Sir Granville Ryrie, K.C.M.G.,
C.B., High Commissioner for Australia at London.

I HAVE been asked to supplement with a few words the article on Canberra by Mrs. Herbert Brookes, which I have read with interest. Her description of the Federal Capital Territory and the progress of the Capital city to date is illuminating and comprehensive, with a large fund of information admirably condensed and accurately draw attention to the most recent development. Events have moved rather accordance with an intention prement has brought into Parliament a tration of the Seat of Government, made. The responsible Minister stated Bill which abolishes the Commission Federal Capital Territory is designed responsibility in the control of the and an improved system of administration the establishment of a commission of the city and to administer its affairs function was concerned, it had become evident that some modification was necessary for the future administration of the Capital which would give residents a larger voice in reference to matters of local interest.

It is proposed, therefore, to substitute a Federal Capital Council for the former Commission, with power to make recommendations to the responsible Minister who will submit them for approval to the Governor General.

The appointment of the Chairman, who will be Civic Administrator, is for a limited term, at the expiration of which it is hoped to give the citizens of Canberra a still greater degree of self-government.



THE AUSTRALIAN COAT OF
ARMS

presented. It only remains for me to developments that have occurred or are in quickly during the last few weeks. In viously announced, the present Govern-Bill to amend the law for the adminis-whereby considerable changes are on moving its second reading that the system of Government within the to provide for more direct ministerial Territory, and for a more economic tration. While it was recognized that three members to direct the erection of had worked well so far as the former

AUSTRALIA, that great continent of the Southern Hemisphere, almost as large as the United States of America including Alaska, was settled by white people only 140 years ago, when Captain Arthur Phillip arrived at Sydney, New South Wales, with three ships, and hoisted the British flag. The first settlement of Australia, therefore, actually took place 181 years after the first settlement of British people at Jamestown in Virginia, and 12 years after the American Colonies had broken away from the British Crown.

This self-governing Dominion of Australia is part of the British Empire and works out its own destiny in co-operation with the other sections of the Empire for the common good—none being subordinate to the other, but all being united by allegiance to one Crown and by the ties of blood and sentiment and a common language. It is peopled almost wholly by men and women of British birth and lineage, and is destined to become, within the present century, one of the great centres of industry and

civilization in the world. If you would like to know more about the romantic story of its discovery you should read "The Voyage of the Endeavour", by Professor G. A. Wood.

The Commonwealth of Australia consists of six States, each of which is governed by its own parliament, consisting of a Governor representing the British Crown, a Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly. In Queensland, the large North-eastern State, however, there is now no Legislative Council, as the Labour Government abolished it a few years ago.

The need for a common authority to deal with matters which concern the whole of Australia, as, for instance, Defence, Customs, Post and Telegraph Services, influenced many people to work for such an authority, and for many years there were conventions and conferences to frame a constitution which would meet the approval of all the States. When finally the people were satisfied a Bill was drawn up, embodying the various provisions, and was sent to

the Imperial Parliament in England. The House of Commons and the House of Lords passed the Bill, and Queen Victoria assented to it in July, 1900, and later issued a proclamation calling the Commonwealth of Australia into being on July, 1st 1901. In May, 1901, the present King and Queen—then Duke and Duchess of York—visited Australia and officially opened the first Commonwealth Parliament in Melbourne, the capital city of Victoria.

The Commonwealth is governed by a Governor-General, representing the King; a Senate, representing the States, and a House of Representatives, representing the people as a whole. It may be of interest to notice that the Australian Constitution follows the model of the United States by specifying the powers which the Commonwealth Parliament may have. All other powers not so specified are left to the States to exercise.

During the discussion as to the type of constitution which all the States could agree upon, much interest was shown in the question as to where the Federal Capital should be. Each of the States would have liked the honour of having the Federal Capital in its territory, but the Premier of New South Wales, the oldest State of the Commonwealth, insisted that his State should have that honour. To this the other States agreed, but they made it a condition that it should be not less than 100 miles from Sydney, the capital city of New South Wales.

It was also agreed that the seat of the Commonwealth Government should be determined by the Parliament and within territory granted to or acquired by the Commonwealth, and should be vested in and belong to the Commonwealth. The Territory had to contain an area of not less than 100 square miles, and what-

ever portion of that Territory consisted of Crown-lands, that is, the land belonging to the Government, should be granted to the Commonwealth without any payment. It was decided that the Federal Parliament should sit at Melbourne, the capital city of Victoria, until the new capital was chosen and built ready for the Parliament to meet at the new seat of Government.

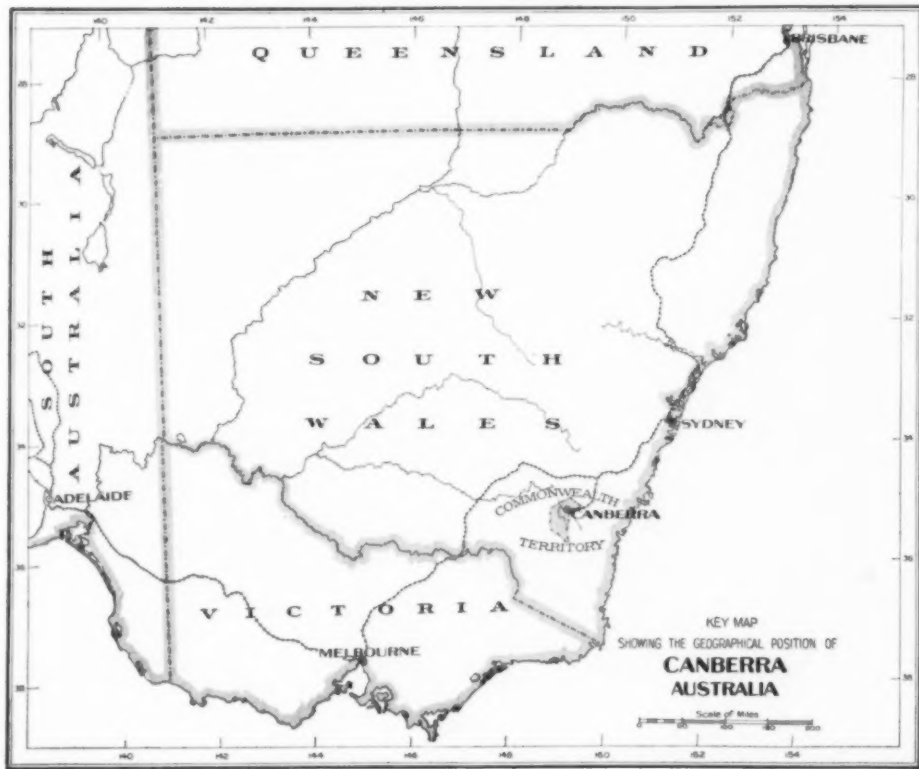


IVY DEAKIN BROOKES

Mrs. Brookes is an Australian and wife of the Commissioner-General for that Commonwealth in the United States. She was born in Melbourne, Victoria. She is the eldest daughter of the late Hon. Alfred Deakin, M.P., who was three times Prime Minister of Australia and represented Australia at several Imperial Conferences. From school Mrs. Brookes went to the Conservatorium of Music, Melbourne, where she took the full course and gained the diploma, and played first violin in the symphony orchestra in Melbourne for many years. Afterwards she won the Ormond Scholarship for singing at the University Conservatorium of Music, where she spent a year doing the full course, when she left to be married. She has had much experience in social service work in connection with women and children, political organization and platform speaking, and hospital administration.

In the years following numerous and varied sites were suggested and visited and voted upon for the seat of Government, but never by a clear majority, so that the matter could not be settled until finally in December, 1908, a Bill was assented to selecting Yass—Canberra District as the Federal Capital Territory. In 1909 the site of Canberra was determined upon for the capital city. In 1911 the Commonwealth took possession of its own Territory, which has an area of 940 square miles and is about 2,000 feet above the sea level. It includes a cluster of peaks over 5,000 feet high, and the rain-fall averages 22 to 23 inches annually. The mean Summer temperature is 67.5 and the Winter 41.8. Being situated on a tableland, the Federal Territory has its four climatic seasons sharply differentiated. The Summer heat is dry, and the Winter cold, frosty and invigorating.

Canberra, the Capital, has an area of approximately 42 square miles and is set in an amphitheatre of hills with an outlook to the North, and is visible on approach from that direction for some miles. It is surrounded by a large area of undulating country, with is good land for grazing. The Cotter, Queenbeyan and Molonglo Rivers flow through the Territory, so it has a good water supply for both useful and ornamental purposes, and also facilities for its storage. The seaport is Jervis Bay, about 120 miles from Canberra, and is



connected by railway, as also are: Sydney, 203 miles distant; Melbourne, 518 miles; Brisbane, 918 miles; Adelaide, 1,003 miles; and it is 2,690 miles from Perth. The sixth State of the Commonwealth is the Island of Tasmania, about 17 hours' journey by sea from Melbourne. In addition, there is a railway journey of 130 miles from the North to the South of the Island to reach its Capital, Hobart.

The Commonwealth proceeded to build the new city after the preliminary plans, projects and works for the city were completed in 1912. Competitive designs for the laying-out of the city were invited throughout the world. The winner was Walter Burleigh Griffin, architect and landscape designer of Chicago, from 126 competitive designs submitted. The lay-out is something similar to that of Washington, D.C., and when completed will undoubtedly be a fine city, one that Australia will have an increasing pride in with the developing year.

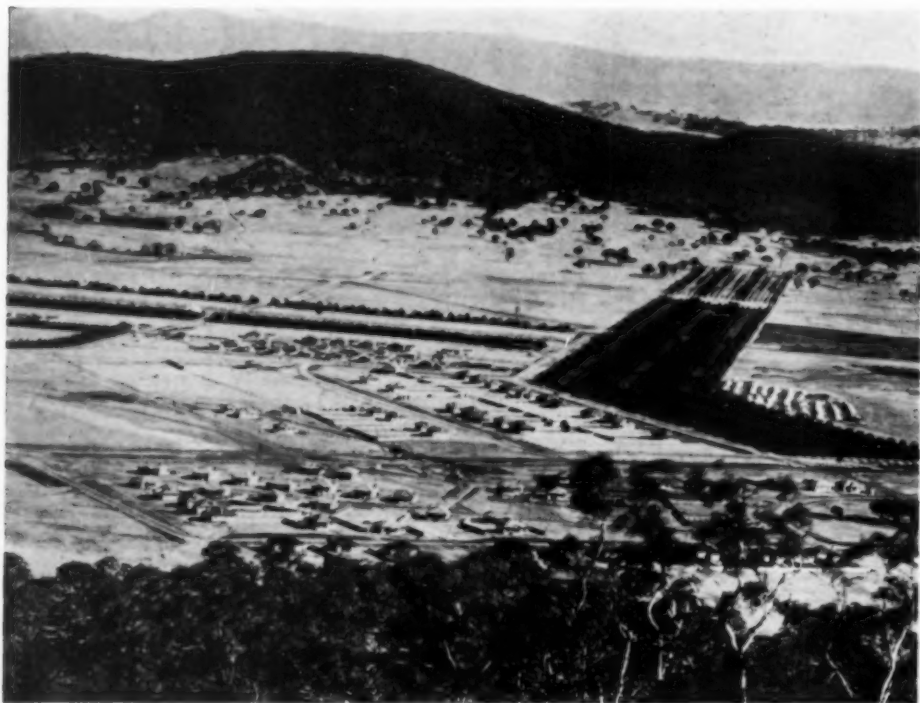
The nomenclature of the divisional areas—parks, avenues and streets of

Canberra was decided upon by the Canberra National Memorials Committee, with the idea of grouping together various classes of names in separate areas. First they agreed that the names of those statesmen who were directly associated with and who are mainly responsible for the establishment of the federation of the Commonwealth, should be perpetuated as place-names, in order that they should be remembered by Australians for all time. Furthermore, the names connected with Canberra's early days, which have become associated with the place since the days of the pioneers, and Australian governors, explorers, navigators, scientists, foresters, pioneers and others, and finally euphonious Aboriginal words were drawn upon for inspiration and ideals of service. The Aboriginal words have been selected from the dialects of Australian Aboriginal tribes.

The War greatly delayed the progress of the work, but from 1920 development proceeded vigorously. It was in the year 1920 that the Prince of Wales visited Canberra and laid the foundation stone on Kurrajong or Capitol Hill of



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
Parliament House, Canberra.



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
Ainslie from Mount Ainslie, Canberra.



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
Another view of Ainslie, Canberra.



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
Post Office, Canberra.



Photograph by Mr. Meldenhall. Canberra.

Post Office and Commonwealth Buildings, Canberra.

what will ultimately form the central stone in the Capitol building. This stone is of polished granite.

A Federal Capital Commission was created in 1924, consisting of a chairman and two members appointed in the first instance for terms of five, four, and three years, but afterwards reduced to a period of three years. They have the control and administration of the Federal Capital Territory and supervise the building and lay-out of the city.

No resident of the Federal Capital Territory has a vote, in which regard we have followed the American example. But it is a much-debated question as to whether this is a wise policy in Australia.

The Federal Capital Commission took control at the beginning of 1925, of:—

- (1) Management of lands.
- (2) Carrying out of works and building construction.
- (3) Generally the municipal government of the Territory.

The Commission is subject to Parliament and ministerial authority, and has been empowered to raise loans for all

purposes of its administration. The Seat of Government Administration Act of 1924 was amended in 1926 when the powers of the Commission were extended to include public instruction and education, the provision of police service, the conduct of hotels and similar places of accommodation, and the operation of motor-bus services; also to enable the Commission to arrange loans to persons desirous of purchasing homes. The State laws already existing when the Territory was acquired for the Federal Capital were to apply, except those imposing taxation and a few others, until such time as it was otherwise determined by ordinance made by the Governor-General. The inferior, or Magistrate's Courts of New South Wales, exercise as previously their functions until other provisions are made.

The 26th anniversary of the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament was the first to be held at Canberra. It was opened on May 9th, 1927, by the Duke and Duchess of York, when visitors from



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.

Canberra water supply.

far and near flocked to witness this memorable event in Australia's history. It was a beautiful, crisp, cold day with blue sky and sunshine making this young garden city look like a lovely gem sparkling in the light. I was fortunate to be one among the many invited guests. Since that great day the city has steadily developed and become more beautiful as the buildings have increased in number, and the trees, shrubs and flowers have grown and blossomed. Australians look forward to the time when Canberra will have developed into a city comparable in beauty, if not in size, with Washington. At present the suburbs are somewhat scattered, and the means of transportation from one to another infrequent. Accordingly, it is rather inconvenient for those who do not own motor cars, but fortunately a great many of the residents do. However, all these disabilities will pass as the population increases and the city extends to meet the suburbs.

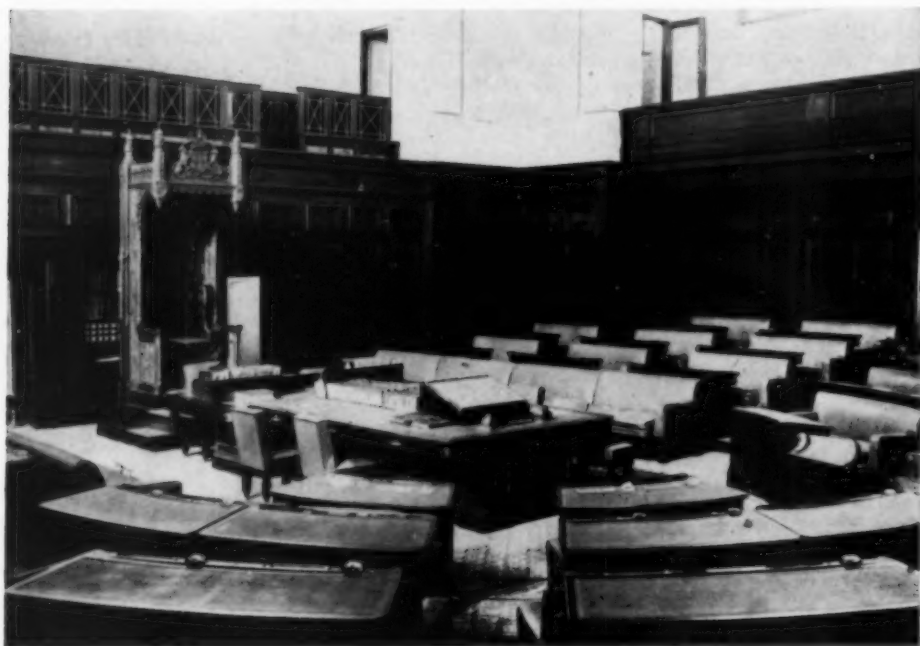
Canberra is now assuming many aspects of a large city. The temporary

Parliament House, which is eventually to be used for public offices, was completed prior to the opening ceremony. In addition, the Commonwealth offices are erected, and an automatic telephone exchange, a central post office, government printing office, solar observatory, Australian School of Forestry, official residences for the Governor-General and Prime Minister, a public building, known as the Albert Hall, erected to serve the purpose of City Hall until such time as it seems expedient to build a real City Hall, a complete general and obstetric hospital, and eight hotels or large guest houses. The largest hotel in Canberra has accommodation for 200 guests.

More than 700 cottages have been completed, and the problem of accommodation for workmen during the initial construction period has been met by the erection of portable wooden cottages, having water supply, sewage and electricity available in most instances. Many miles of main avenues and roads have been formed, and a considerable portion metalled, gravelled, or improved



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
King's Hall, Parliament House, Canberra.



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
Interior, Parliament House, Canberra.

with harder materials. Many plantations have been prepared, sown with trees and flowers; trees have also been planted in various sites for city parks. A large amount of afforestation work has been done on the outskirts of the city. All this was achieved by June, 1928, and since then a proposal to dam the waters of the Molonglo River for the formation of part of an ornamental lake system is being favourably considered.

The activities undertaken by private enterprise have been considerably extended by the erection of privately-

persons. The livestock comprises 8,052 horses, 6,077 cattle and 225,736 sheep.

There are 15 Government schools in the Territory. These provide junior, technical, commercial, and trade school branches as well as evening continuation classes. The standard permits scholars to qualify for entrance to the universities. Provision is made for domestic science and dressmaking sections. There is an infant school to accommodate 450 children. In addition to these there are three smaller schools in the temporary section of the city, and the balance are small



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia,
Dining-room, Parliament House, Canberra.

owned buildings, comprising residences, shops, offices, banks and schools. On account of maintaining uniformity of appearance, buildings in the main shopping area and the subsidiary shopping blocks in other parts of the city, have had to be constructed to a design already prepared for each block as a whole. This principle was adopted in order to secure dignity in design and an exterior architecture in keeping with the location of the buildings.

The population of Canberra on June 30th, 1929, was 8,336 in the Federal Capital Territory and 437 in Jervis Bay Territory, making a total of 8,773

rural schools. Finally, there are two private schools, both of which provide for primary and secondary pupils, and a third is in course of construction, with others to follow shortly.

A social service movement was inaugurated in 1925 by the Commission for the Co-operation in Social Activities of the Federal Capital Commission and the citizens of Canberra, and has resulted in the establishment of indoor and outdoor recreation, libraries, children's playgrounds, and women's and children's welfare. After three years (the period of settlement) the social service movement has been taken over by the citizens,



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
Hotel Acton, Canberra.



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
Commonwealth Offices, Canberra.



Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
Hotel Canberra and Albert Hall, Canberra.



Photograph by Mr. Meldenhall, Canberra.
City Shopping Centre, Canberra.

who get some assistance from the Commission. A hall, accommodating about 600 people, has been built, as well



Church of England, Canberra, Federal Territory.

as other halls, and the Commission has supplied the materials for them.

Nine children's playgrounds have been established, and tennis courts and other

sports grounds for the youth of the city are provided. The Mothercraft Society has been responsible for the establishment of a Baby Health Centre with the services of a trained nurse. A club for women workers was formed, which provides residential accommodation as well as opportunities for social intercourse. A community library has been established with over 3,000 books available for members. A Parents' and Citizens' Association affording medium of expression of public opinion on the subject of education, has been actively working for some years and takes a lively interest in measures for the recreation and entertainment of school children. In addition, there are the Arts and Literary Society, and the Musical Society, both active bodies of high artistic attainment.

The total expenditure from 1925 to 1928 was £6,636,507 (\$32,293,243), and the revenue for a similar period was £1,281,939 (\$6,237,915).

The removal of the various government departments from Melbourne and Sydney to Canberra, together with all their various offices and their wives and families, has needed a gigantic amount of organization, in order to enable the work to be carried out without dislocating the routine of the departments and preventing them from functioning steadily and uninterruptedly. The work of compensating officers for their homes,



*Photograph by Development and Migration Commission, Australia.
Telopia State School, Canberra.*



Photograph by Mr. Meldenhall, Canberra.

City shopping centre, Canberra.



Photograph by Mr. Meldenhall, Canberra.

Hotel Canberra, Canberra.



Photograph by Mr. Meldenhall, Canberra.
Private residence, Canberra.



Photograph by Mr. Meldenhall, Canberra.
Another of Canberra's beautiful residences.

which had to be abandoned when they went to live at Canberra, in itself was a big task. The building and allotting of homes at Canberra suitable for the numerous officials was another big undertaking—to say nothing of the moving of the furniture and records belonging to each department for a distance of nearly 520 miles. All this and more has been

It follows then that in the years to come there will be a tremendous saving to the Federal Government.

Canberra will continue to grow and develop with the passage of time. Those with imagination who can look into the future see the vision of a beautiful city among the hills which will become an inspiration to all who behold it.



Photograph by Mr. Meldenhall, Canberra.

Governor General's residence, Canberra.

achieved, and remarkably well done considering all the difficulties.

The moving to Canberra of the Government offices will mean a great saving to the Commonwealth Government by reason of their not having to pay rent in Canberra as they did in the State Capitals previously. At Canberra they own the land and have to provide only for the cost of the buildings.

The Fathers of Federation had the vision of a great Australian Commonwealth, peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race and governed from a wonderful new city of their dreams. May that vision become a reality. The Fathers of Federation have passed on, but their work in the Commonwealth of Australia is enshrined forever.



Leaves from an Air-mail Pilot's Log

By CAPTAIN O. S. BONDURANT

THERE is a type of aircraft known as the H.S. 2L. It is a slow, lumbering, war-product of a machine, now practically obsolete, and it has been the butt of many jests. But that same H.S. has led the way for many a better and more modern machine, so it deserves its place in history. Before it is too late, one of the species should be captured and put in a museum; in my estimation, a very good place for it in this year of grace.

It was Captain H. S. Quigley, who may well be called "Father of Canadian commercial flying", who made us acquainted. He asked me one day the apparently simple question: "Bon, can you fly an H. S.?"

"Sure!" I replied, thinking that I was capable of flying almost anything after ten years of army, barnstorming and exhibition work. That afternoon Captain Quigley and I left for Three Rivers. I became somewhat worried en route at the dis-

covery that his H.S.'s were large, hard-handling flying boats, while the only knowledge I had of water 'planes had been gathered from photographs in aero magazines.

Next morning I turned up at Canadian Airways' air harbour bright and early, to find my ship at the buoy, ready for a test flight. This, however, was not made until some hours later, and I subsequently discovered that the mechanics had put in the entire morning arguing as to which of them would have to go up with me, since it takes a crew of two to run one of these boats. I had had to ask a lot of questions about the switches and so on, and evidently as an H.S. pilot, I didn't look so good to them. Finally the boldest of them, or maybe it was the loser of the toss-up, approached me and suggested that we take the machine and taxi it around on the river for a while, "to get the feel of it", as he put it. After fifteen minutes of this I was getting bored, and having



CAPTAIN O. S. BONDURANT was born in Cairo, Ill., in 1893. Graduating from college, he practiced law in Paducah, Ky. When the United States entered the war, he joined the Army Air Corps, becoming instructor and later test-pilot at American Experimental Field, Orly, France. After the war he engaged in the oil industry in Texas and Louisiana. He later returned to flying, doing barnstorming and exhibition work until coming to Canada, of his movements since coming amongst us some inkling may be gained from his "log."



An H.S.2L. Flying boat at the wharf of the Roberval air station.

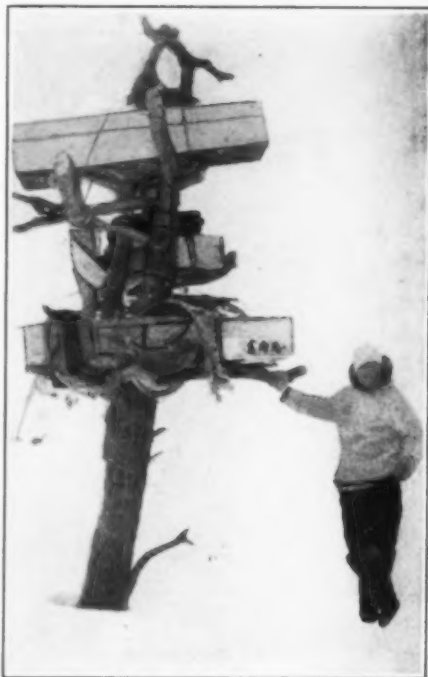


The squaws wanted to be in this picture, but the youngster on Captain Bondurant's knee was camera-shy.

got the machine running nicely on the step, I eased back on the wheel and we oozed into the atmosphere. There was a soft tug at my sleeve and I took a moment off to look at my companion. The look of gentle reproach in his eyes was pathetic.

We managed to get away with a few flights safely, and two days later found us flying down the North Shore, headed for a Summer of distributing food, exploration work and aerial sketching in Northern Quebec. Placing food caches for Government surveyors, who follow later in canoes with their Indian helpers is not such pleasant work. We have placed as many as 3,600 pounds in one cache, and it entails climbing up steep rock embankments, or perhaps stumbling for a hundred yards through brush and muskeg to a suitable spot. Then poles must be cut and a platform built in the trees about six feet above the ground; the boxes and sacks of grub hoisted on to this, and protected with tarpaulin. The surveyor covering that section may not reach his last cache until three or four months after it is built.

For several weeks we were moving this freight North from Manicougan and later from Seven Islands, making our



In parts of the far North coffins cannot be buried on account of the stony nature of the ground. In some places the coffins are left on the surface, and in others are fastened to branches of trees.



Setting out, heavily loaded, in an H.S. The pilot is seated in the rear cockpit. The engineer, who has just cranked the motor, is standing behind him. The passenger in front has not yet settled down into his seat.

caches as near as possible to designated spots that would be marked on the map. Considering that the country was prac-

tically unknown and that only the larger rivers issuing from the Height of Land to the Northward were accurately marked, the maps were surprisingly good.

We found plenty of excitement in this, our first experience of flying boats and the Northern bush. The territory North of the St. Lawrence River is very rough mountain country reaching to the White Mountain Range which runs East and West at a distance of about 75 miles North of Seven Islands. Taking off at sea level, bouncing off rough seas and staggering into the air loaded to the gunwales with freight, we would head Northwards trailing some waterway through the mountains. Sometimes the weather was fair, but more often we encountered low clouds, fog, rain or snow storms. There would be strong winds that would whip the heavily burdened machine, causing it to drop a thousand feet in a few minutes. Then, just as we expected to be forced down, another air current would steady the plane and help us on our way.

In our first trip up the North end of the Ste. Marguerite River, the fog had us flying low through the river valley, when, on rounding a curve, the high vertical walls of rock seemed to close in about us. The fog bank dropped lower and we were skimming the river bed, making short turns along its winding



The late Captain H. S. Quigley, D.S.O., M.C., one of the pioneers of Canadian commercial aviation. Born in Toronto, "Quig" joined the Engineers at the outbreak of war, transferring to the Royal Flying Corps as observer, and later becoming a pilot. He founded the Dominion Aerial Exploration Company soon after the war, and later renamed it Canadian Airways. He flew the first air mail from Rimouski to Montreal in an H.S. Flying Boat.

course, rapids and rocks below us and no chance of making a safe landing. There was nothing to do but carry on, as there was not enough room to make a turn, and we kept this up for full 30 minutes. At any moment we expected a mountain or a waterfall to loom up out of the mist under the ship's nose. And then suddenly we shot out into blazing sunshine over the height of land. Two years later, H. F. McClellan and I were caught in the same river under like conditions when returning from the Ungava country. Out trip through what is known as the "Ten-mile Rapids" and the canyon near the South end of the river is one that we shall never forget.

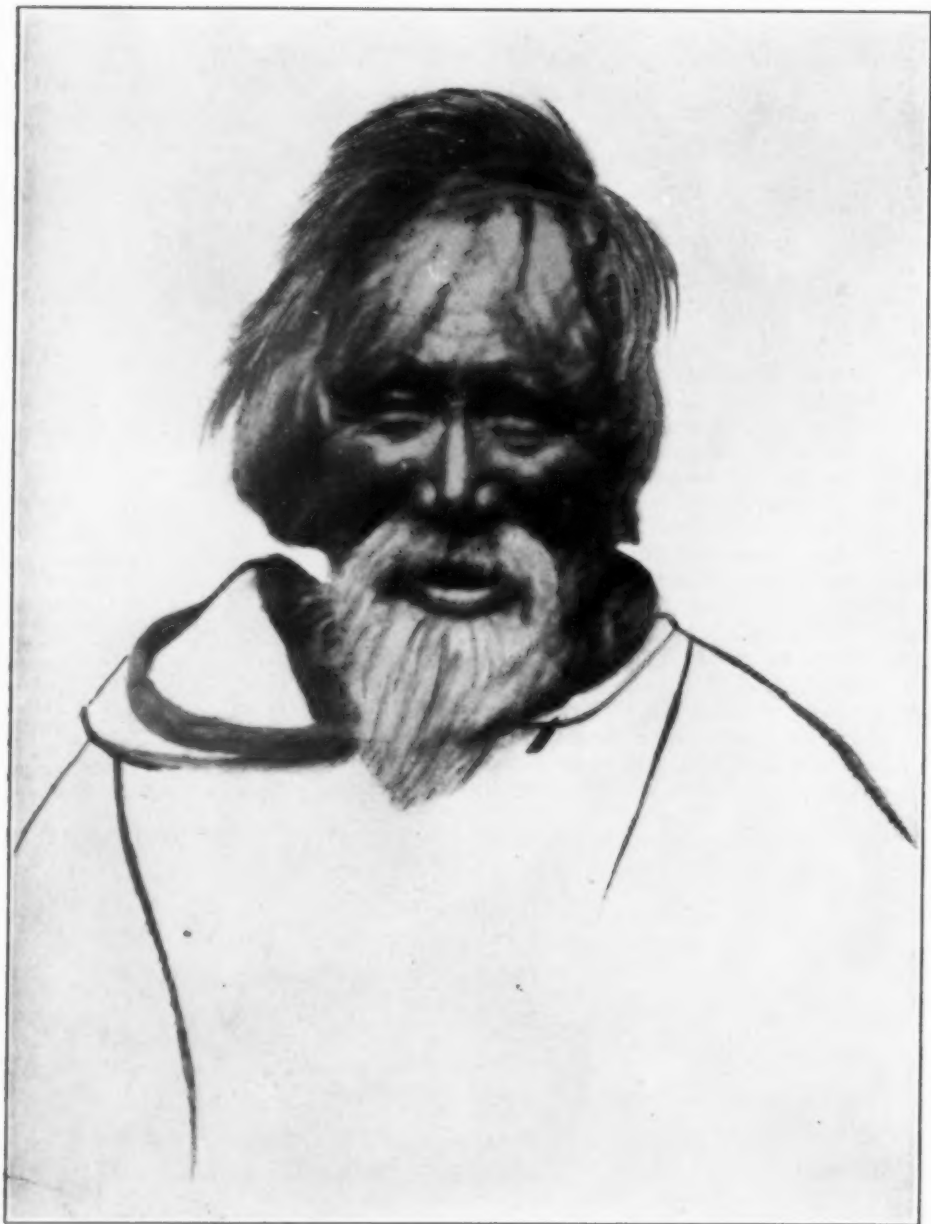
On another occasion, while flying in the same district with A. E. Simpson in a Curtiss Seagull, we had to land to direct some Indians to one of the caches. The lake looked fair enough to land on, but not so good when it came to the take-off. We eventually made the grade, however, but not without having knocked off one of our wing-tip floats and about three feet from the end of the lower right plane. We were congratulating ourselves as we climbed out of the valley when suddenly the rear struts of the right-hand wings gave way. They had broken near the lower fittings and the fabric had held them in place until we were in the air. Again there was



Colonel R. H. Mulock, C.B.E., D.S.O., Chevalier of Legion of Honour, in the uniform of Group Captain, Royal Naval Air Service. Col. Mulock joined the R.N.A.S. in January, 1915. With a distinguished service record, he has since the war, and is today, one of the outstanding figures in Canadian commercial aviation. In the Spring of 1929 he assumed control over International Airways and Canadian Airways, which group was shortly enlarged by the acquisition of Fairchild Aviation at Grand'Mere, which became Interprovincial Airways. Canadian Transcontinental Airways, which operates the air-mail service on the North shore of the St. Lawrence, was later brought into the group.



Tadoussac, on the St. Lawrence River, Province of Quebec.



"Long-legged," a patriarch amongst the Eskimo.

nothing to do but carry on, as there was a strong, gusty wind blowing and a safe landing in the river valley appeared out of the question. So for one hundred miles back to the base we wobbled along with our broken struts fluttering like flags in the breeze as they stuck out straight astern, to a safe landing at home. That sort of flying is a bit hard on the nerves. But after you find yourself at the base, it is soon forgotten, and to-morrow finds you heading North again probably into new territory and certainly into new adventures.

When the North Shore job was completed I spent the balance of the season flying out of Roberval carrying Arthur Hebert on Government sketching trips. This is fine work, and J. J. Finnegan, my air engineer, and myself were flying from dawn to dark and fast building up our accounts on the credit side of the ledger with our flying bonus. One memorable adventure befell us at this work. Our engine let us down North-west of Lac Chibougamau, and after a safe landing we serviced the motor with what equipment we had. We were lacking a hundred engine revolutions per minute, however, and we failed to take off in the many runs we made that afternoon.

Three days later we were still there. To save our rations we had been subsisting on wild blueberries. Gas was low and the plane was stripped of all camping equipment, tools and grub bags, ropes and anchor. A little flour and a piece of bacon were all the supplies we dared burden ourselves with. We waited till after sundown to take advantage of the cool of the evening, when the air has more "lift". After a long run, I got the ship on its step, and finally clear of the water, but climb she would not. Soon we came to a narrow curved channel that connected our lake with another. The ship had to be banked to get through. We did it—with our left wing-tip dragging the water, and were down again on our step on the other lake. But soon we got a little height, and that night reached Lac Chigoubiche. We had four more forced landings before we reached Roberval next evening.

With the coming of Winter flying ceased, and after a few weeks vacation, January found me as Chief Pilot for

Patricia Airways, Limited, at Sioux Lookout, Ontario. Operating into the goldfields of the Red Lake and Woman Lake areas with Stinson bi-planes, we carried freight and passengers to distant lakes, agreeing to return and pick them up at some specified future date. For days at a time the temperature would run 20 to 50 degrees below zero, but flying went on as usual in the clear, dry cold.

One morning a 45-below snap got my oil scavenger line. I half buried the



A rugged type of Eskimo.

plane in a snow drift in a forced down-wind landing. That gave me my first experience of snowshoeing through a blizzard on my hike back to steel. A badly frozen face and throat took some time to recover.

In the Summer of 1928 Canadian Airways, Limited, obtained a Montreal-Toronto air mail contract, and Captain Quigley called me back from Sioux Lookout to go on the mail run. Scheduled at first for twice a week, October 1st saw the inauguration of the first daily mail flights in Canada, and I



The author and the Wasp-engined Fairchild plane on which he carried the mail between Montreal and Toronto.

made the run on that date from Montreal to Toronto. We put in a very hard winter on this run, pilots H. C. W. Smith, O. C. S. Wallace and myself, battling fog, rain and snowstorms; notwithstanding which, in February, one of the worst months, we ran one hundred per cent. On March 31st, 1929, I set a new world's record by covering the 340-mile trip from Weston Field, Toronto, to St. Hubert, near Montreal, in one hour and forty minutes.

At the present time the total mileage of the air mail lines operated by our organization under the direction of Col. R. H. Mulock is about 2,000, most of which is flown twice daily (once in each direction), and the balance intermittently as called for by the Post Office. The mail mileage flown is around 70,000 per month.

In May of last year I took a holiday from the mail run to carry out an operation consisting of freighting sup-



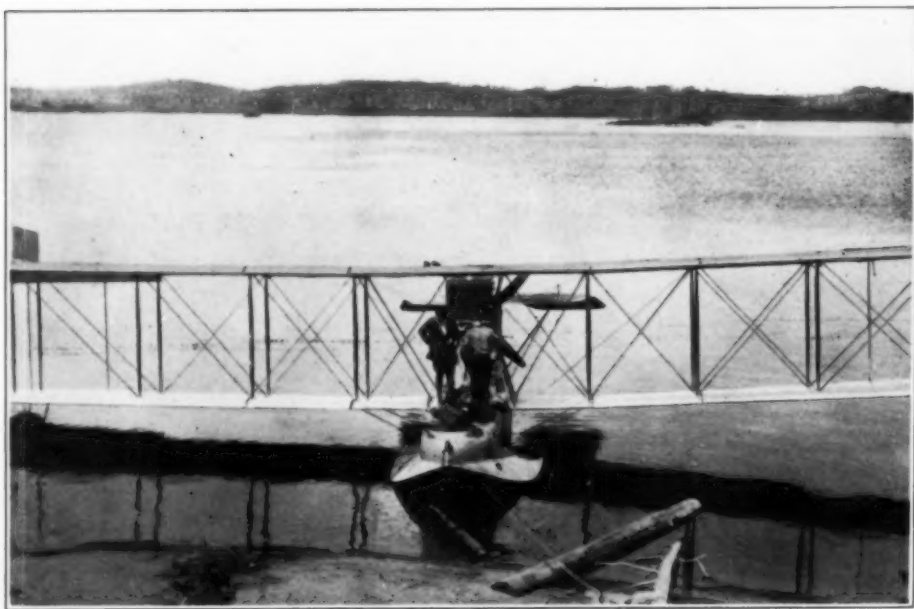
Captain Bondurant's Fairchild anchored at Fort Chimo on the Koksoak River, Ungava.



Two H.S.2L boats at a temporary base on a lake in Northern Quebec.

plies for survey parties into the territory North of Roberval. Two H.S. boats, which had been equipped with new high-lift wings constructed by Canadian Vickers, Ltd., were flown by A. E. Wright and myself. Henri Belanger, chief surveyor of the Province of Quebec, and one of the Province's most enthusiastic believers in aviation, was in charge of this work, which was entirely successful.

In June my company sent me, at the stick of a new Fairchild "71", to Seven Islands, where a group of prospectors awaited me. This outfit, organized by K. A. MacPhayden, was known as the Ungava Expedition. From then on, until September 18th, life was one continuous round of hard work, with numerous dangerous trips and narrow escapes. The long Summer days in the North make it possible to fly until nine or ten



Stowing prospectors' baggage into a flying boat at Quebec.

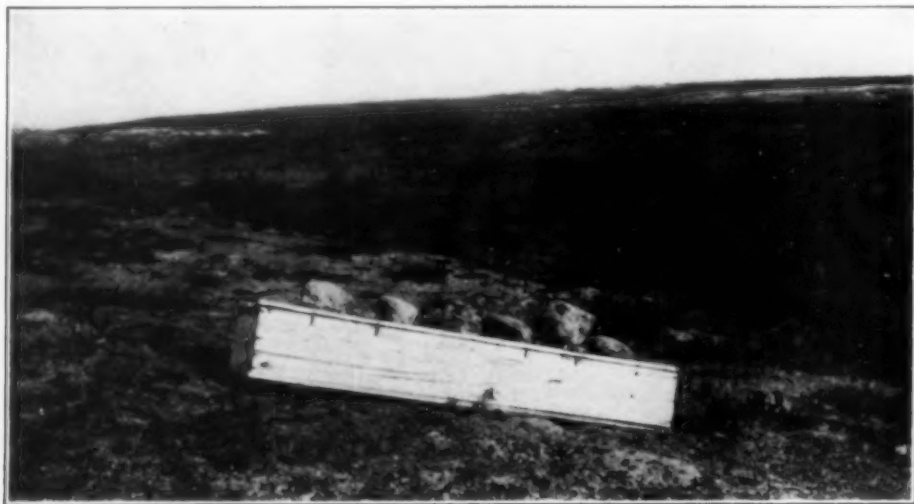


An example of part of the northern terrain over which Bondurant flew.

at night with a start next morning as early as three o'clock. Snow squalls were encountered now and then throughout the Summer. We first laid gas caches at points 200 and 350 miles North of our main base. Then with either of the geologists, Dr. W. F. James or Dr. J. E. Gill, as passenger, we would cruise around in the Northern Ungava and Labrador country searching for good locations to set down prospectors. At best we had only skeleton maps, and the recipe for flying in such unknown territory is: "Fill up with gas, set a

compass course, and fly! Follow the same procedure on return!" Six or seven hundred miles North is an approximate idea of our position. No other pilot had ever flown over that country. There was no other plane East of Quebec City. And we had two weeks rations, which proves, I think, that we had confidence in our means of locomotion.

In the latter part of July the company sent along two more planes, which we used principally for transporting gas and supplies to our temporary base on Lake Menihek. This gave us more time for



A close-up of a coffin at Fort Chimo.



Indian cemetery at Fort Chimo. The wooden cases are coffins.

exploration and for moving the various prospectors' camps to new locations.

On August 3rd, Dr. Gill, Finnegan and I landed at Fort Chimo on the Koksoak River, 12 miles South of Ungava Bay. The entire staffs of the Hudson's Bay Post and that of Revillon Freres turned out to greet us, and a royal welcome they gave us. The handful of white men up there get their mail once a year, when a small boat picks it up about 200 miles up the Ungava Bay coast.

Fort Chimo is North of timber line, so the natives are unable to bury their dead up a tree as is the common practice with the Indians further South. Neither can they dig conventional graves. So the deceased are placed in rough wooden coffins made of packing cases—there being no other timber available—and laid out on rocky hill-tops, with a few heavy stones to keep the winds from disturbing them. By and by, the coffins disintegrate, but the bones remain as mute witnesses for many a year.



A Fairchild "71" at the slipway at Roberval. An H.S. is floating to the right of it.

The Eskimo may be a bit backward in some things, but in the matter of night-clubs he can give the inhabitants of our more sophisticated cities cards and spades. Night after night, at Fort Chimo, in a low-roofed one-room structure, lighted—and heated—by innumerable tallow candles, the bucks and the belles dance all night long to the music of a small accordeon played by an old woman who, as far as I could gather, knew only one tune. What she lacked in musical ability she made up in perseverance, however, and the stamina of the dancers was truly wonderful. Ten

instrument to the natives, who spent the rest of our stay aiming it at each other, wholesale and retail, and pressing the trigger with evident enjoyment.

I first saw the Grand or Hamilton Falls in Labrador on August 21st, from 50 miles away. The spray from the enormous volume of water falling over the 300-foot drop is a stupendous sight, and was what caught my eye so far distant. I was told that when travelling by canoe the noise of the falls can be heard at an equal radius. In an airplane one is denied this faculty of hearing to a large extent. There are a half-mile of



At Fort Mackenzie. Captain Bondurant in centre.

minutes with the 180-pound woman with whom I was paired off by the "M.C." was enough for me.

At Fort McKenzie, 70 miles South of Chimo, the Indians at first were very frightened of the plane and its occupants, and only the welcoming attitude of the factor reassured them. But before long they were following us around like a flock of chickens, after each and every one had wrung our hands. We suspected that some of them cheated in this ceremony, coming back for two or three shakes. The most popular thing I had was my camera, and after I had taken a few pictures, I lent the empty

cascades above the falls and about 12 miles of rapids below them, winding through a wildly-beautiful gorge. That same day I landed on Lac Michikamau in search of precious labradite, which flashes under the shallow water at the edge of the lake like great blue diamonds embedded in the rock. We were lucky in finding some almost at once, for the World's Convention of Black Flies then in session met us more than half way, and threatened to consume the entire party, seaplane and all. There, many similar adventures befell me in the course of that Summer's exploration of an area of the Dominion that, so far,



Shale Falls, Kaniapiskau River.

the white man has hardly looked at, but which may hold untold possibilities for the future.

In October, I was back on the mail run. On January 7th, I left Montreal with the Westbound mail in a Fokker Super-Universal machine. The weather was bad from the start. Soon after passing Kingston, the fog and rain were so heavy that I was driven down until I was almost brushing the tree tops. At times the fog bank would extend below the trees and I would be flying blind for

a minute or two. At the Lake Ontario shore line I dropped down near the water with my wing tip brushing the shore embankment for the 75-mile run down the lake, while conditions got worse every minute. The rain and a dense black fog finally got me. My left wing was snapped off in a tree top, and I landed 200 yards further on. The doctors have been pretty busy ever since, but the worst is over, and I hope to be back on the job by the time this is in print.



A view of the St. Hubert air-field, near Montreal, the starting point of many expeditions. In the centre of the photograph is the mooring mast.



In the Cilician Gates, the famous Pass in the Taurus Mountains which has been used for military and commercial purposes for nearly three millenniums.

The March of the Ten Thousand Greeks

Review of a Famous Journey of the Fifth
Century, B.C.

By E. C. WOODLEY

IT IS well over two thousand years since the dauntless Ten Thousand Greeks made their famous journey, but so remarkable was the achievement and so picturesque its accompaniments that the world has not allowed it to be forgotten. The great march has a threefold interest, historical, geographical and literary. It occurred as an incident in the gigantic struggle between East and West which marked the Fifth Century, B.C.; it stimulated the interest of the Greek world in the region through which the force passed; while, in the graphic language of Xenophon, the record of the great adventure has become a permanent part of the world's literary heritage.

In order to see the march in its proper setting it is necessary to have some idea of the historical background. It is an important incident in the relations between Greece and Persia. The active entrance of Persia on the stage of Greek history began shortly after the revolt of the Ionian Greeks and their defeat at the battle of Lade in 493 B.C. This revolt enlightened the Persians regarding the one striking characteristic of the Greek race which has had a tragic manifestation time and again in the history of that people, namely its lack of national cohesion. The Persian leaders felt that it might not be a very difficult task to conquer a people split up into

many hostile groups and that the prize was at least worth the effort. In three great expeditions Persia hurled the full force of her might upon Greece and had it not been for an unwonted and wholly

unexpected unity of action in the face of a common foe, Greece would have been utterly swept out of existence as a nation in the Fifth Century B.C. and the whole subsequent history of the West would have been different. But the leadership and military skill of Miltiades, Leonidas and Pausanias and the naval foresight of Themistocles saved Greece from her powerful foe and gave her a lease of national life to which the world of literature and art owes much.

Having failed to accomplish her end by force but still convinced that her initial understanding of the situation was correct, Persia sought to weaken Greece by encouraging internal dissension. This policy, followed persistently, led ultimately to the Peloponnesian War which for twenty-seven

years wasted the land and diverted to the battlefields the best manhood of the nation.

Meanwhile the political history of Persia is a record of intrigue and corruption and assassination. With dripping hands Ochus ascended the throne of Persia in 424 B.C., taking the name, Darius Nothus. Revolts and insurrections followed and the administra-



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tion of justice, never a strong feature of Oriental rule, became a mockery. The Satraps, especially in more distant parts of the Empire, became petty tyrants. Among them none has a less savoury record than Tissaphernes, the Satrap of Lydia. Darius Nothus married his aunt, Parysatis, and the two sons of this union, Cyrus and Artaxerxes, are leading figures in the background of the historical incident which we are about to



Xenophon who led the "Ten Thousand Greeks" through the wild region of Kurdistan and Armenia to the Sea at Trebizond.

review. When Darius died, both sons made strong bids for the throne but fortune favoured Artaxerxes and Cyrus found himself facing a charge of treason laid by his enemy Tissaphernes, whom Cyrus had displaced. Managing to save his head, Cyrus returned to his satrapy in Asia Minor and soon became enmeshed in the internecine strife of the Greek States.

In 401 B.C., Cyrus decided to play for higher stakes and, organizing a force which he thought would be sufficient to oust his brother from the Persian throne, he made his famous march

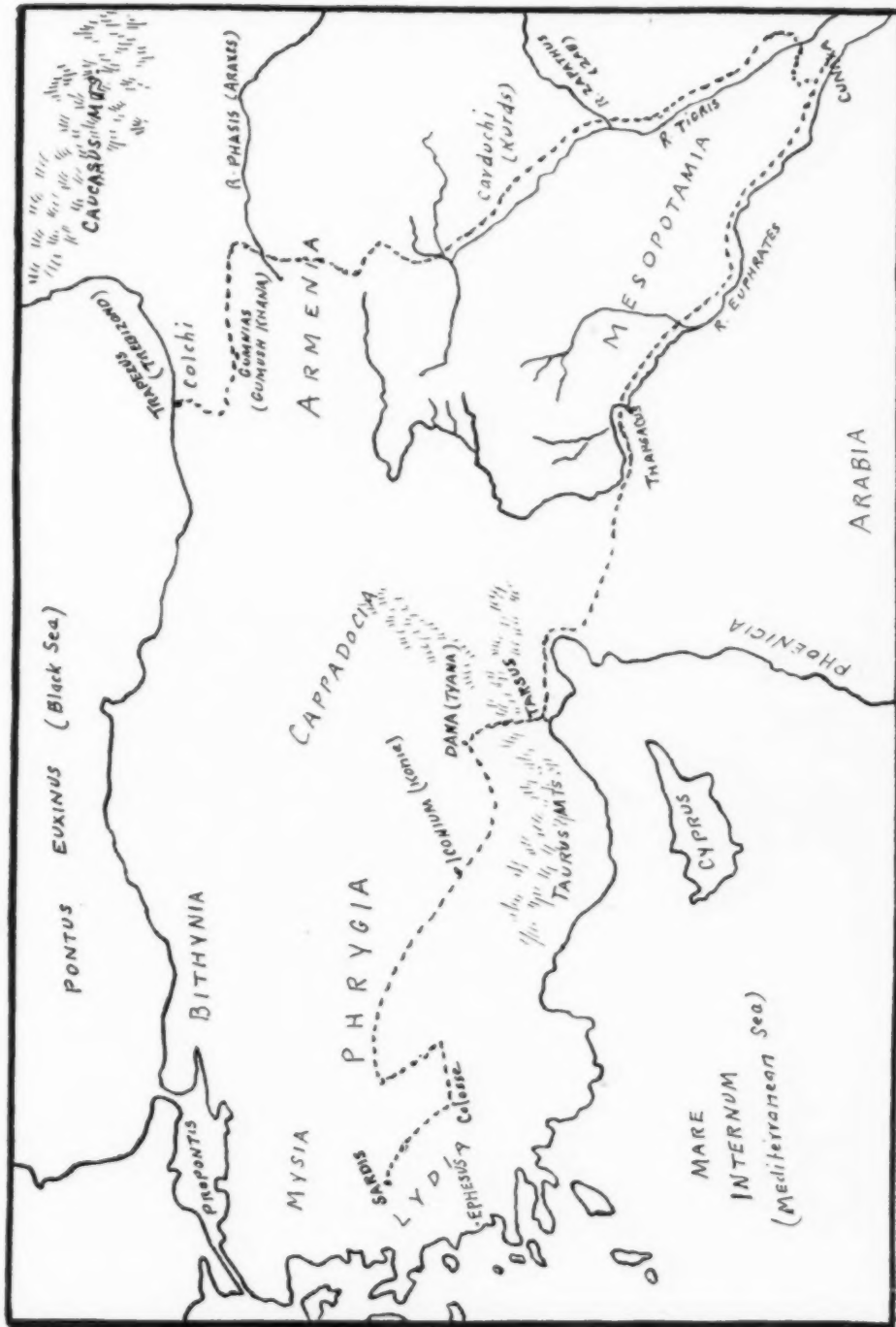
across Asia Minor and the Syrian desert and Mesopotamia, almost reaching Babylon when defeat and death overtook him on the battlefield of Cunaxa.

Included in the army of Cyrus and sharing all its fortunes was a force of Greek mercenaries which he had been able to secure through the favour of Sparta. It is the story of this force, particularly its wanderings after the fatal day at Cunaxa, that we are going to endeavour to trace. That it has left us any story at all is one of the miracles of history when we realize the character of the country through which it had to pass and the hostile tribes which assailed it. But that it did win through and eventually reach its home-land, had historical results of the most far-reaching importance. What the Ten Thousand did was a revelation of the internal weakness of Persia, as well as a testimony to Greek military efficiency. It had more than a slight relation to the events of a hundred years later which laid the Persian Empire under the heel of Alexander the Great.

The moment for the expedition was well-chosen. There were many Greeks, accustomed to military operations, idle, owing to the issue of the Peloponnesian War. Recruits for such a force as Cyrus desired were easy to find, the more so as the crafty Persian declared that his objective was the quelling of some disturbance on the eastern border of his satrapy. It was not until the force reached Thapsacus that the real purpose of the expedition was announced and when it was made known it was with promises which proved too alluring for the Greeks to refuse.

We owe our record of the adventures of the force to the man who joined it through the invitation of his friend, Proxenus. This was Xenophon the Athenian, of whose earlier life we know little save that he was the friend of Socrates who did his utmost to dissuade him from the enterprise. But Xenophon easily satisfied his conscience and joining the company, ultimately became its leader and historian.

One would like to linger over a book which has not unfittingly been described as the first historical romance. To many of us it is linked with the memories of days long past when we toiled over



Sketch map of the territory covered by the march of the "Ten Thousand Greeks." The broken line indicates the route.



A modern Kurd, a descendant of the ancient Carduchi. The Carduchi stubbornly opposed the advance of the "Ten Thousand Greeks".

pages in which one oft-recurring formula was ever hailed as an old friend, "thence he marched two stages"—and we, too, made a fresh start. My readers may recall that delightful passage in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" in which George Gissing says—"By some trick of memory I always associate schoolboy work on the classics with a sense of warm and sunny days; rain and gloom and a chilly atmosphere must have been far the more frequent conditions but these things are forgotten. My old Liddell and Scott still serves me and if, on opening it, I bend close enough to catch the scent of the leaves, I am back again at that day of boyhood when the book was new and I used it for the first time. I am thinking of the *Anabasis*. Were this the sole book existing in Greek, it would be abundantly worth while to learn the language in order to read it. The *Anabasis* is an admirable work of art, unique in its combination of concise and rapid narrative with colour and picturesqueness. Herodotus wrote a prose epic in which the author's personality is ever before us. Xenophon, with curiosity and love of adventure which mark him of the same race but self-forgotten in the pursuit of a new artistic virtue, created the historical romance. What a world of wonders is in this little book, all aglow with ambition and conflicts, with marvels of strange lands; full of perils and rescues, fresh with the air of mountain and of sea."

We shall turn to this old book again and shall try to follow the experiences of the small Greek unit of Cyrus' force on the long march from Western Asia Minor to the heart of the Persian Empire, and particularly the famous retreat, led by Xenophon with consummate skill and success, though an unfamiliar and wild country to the shores of the Euxine. The starting point of the expedition was a plain near the great city of Sardis where the force assembled. Near by flowed the Pactolus whose golden sands have passed into a proverb, while behind the city rose the towering spur of Mount Timolus on which the citadel was built.

From Sardis the force marched South-east for three days, when it reached the river Meander which was

crossed near its junction with the Lycus. The name of the river survives in the Turkish, Menderes Su.

Following the Lycus for a day's march the army reached Colosse, a large and important Phrygian city, near the site of the modern Khonos. A somewhat circuitous route was then followed to Calaeanae, the modern Dinair, which contained a palace of Xerxes, a hunting park and the cave of the unfortunate



A gateway in Tarsus. The woman is carrying water-pots.

Marsyas who had the temerity to challenge Apollo to a contest on the flute and met a fate even worse than that which commonly overtakes poor musicians.

The force next proceeded by way of Peltae and Keramon Agora (modern Ushak) to the Plain of Caystrus. This plain cannot be absolutely identified, but is probably the plain about the Eber Geul. As the troops remained here five days there must have been a city in the neighbourhood. While camping on this plain Cyrus was visited by Epyaxa,

Queen of Syennesis, King of Cilicia, who had probably come to bribe Cyrus not to enter the Satrapy of Cilicia lest the enforced hospitality of her husband might get him into trouble with Artaxerxes. The next places which we hear about are Thymbrium on the borders of Lycaonia (probably situated a few miles East of the present Ak Shehir) and Tyriaeum (modern Ilghin). On a plain near the latter city Cyrus reviewed his troops for the benefit of Epyaxa.

Cilician Gates. Probably near Kara Punar, Cyrus bade farewell to Epyaxa. With her he sent a guard under Menon with the ulterior motive of turning the Pass. Part of this force met with disaster in the mountains and the comrades of the lost men revenged their death by pillaging the Cilician Plain and Tarsus.

A halt was next made at Dana (Tyana in Cappadocia), the modern Kiz Hissar where Cyrus had to crush an



The approach to the Cilician Gates from the North.

A military manoeuvre of the Greeks caused a temporary panic among the Persian soldiers. The next stopping place was the important city of Iconium, the capital of Phrygia. This is a very old place, termed by Pliny, "urbs celeberrima Iconium". For some time after leaving this city the force trod roads made famous centuries later by the great missionary traveller, Paul of Tarsus.

The march continued South-eastward through Lycaonia in the direction of the only Pass through the Taurus Mountains to the rich Cilician Plain, the famous

incipient revolt. The force rested here for three days near a famous spring which is still flowing. This spring is also mentioned by Apollonius in his life of Tyana's most distinguished citizen, Philostratus.

Cyrus felt some anxiety as he approached the narrow defile of the Cilician Gate. He had heard that Syennesis had occupied a strategic position near the Pass. But word reached him later that Syennesis had retired on learning that Menon and some of his men were in the Cilician Plain. The action of Syennesis may only have been

a feint to enable him to give a satisfactory account of himself to Artaxerxes. The Cilician ruler was a true Oriental king with whom duplicity was a fine art.

The remarkable Pass through the Taurus Mountains is a natural wonder which was so improved by the skill of man in far past times that it became a pathway of commerce to the cities of Cilicia, especially Tarsus. Sir William Ramsay has given an excellent description of the Pass as it is entered from the

course, the Vale of Podandus, 2,800 feet above sea-level. At the East end of the Vale of Loulon, the glen is narrowed to a mere slit, barely wide enough to receive the Tchakut Su and the road has to cross a hill-ridge for about four or five miles. Apart from this there is no great difficulty until a few miles South-east from the Vale of Podandus where the glen ends before the Southern ridge of Taurus which rises high above it like a broad, lofty, unbroken wall. The Tchakut Su finds



Arabas (native carriages) at a ferry on the Euphrates, near the probable site of the crossing of the Greeks.

North. "The Taurus is cut obliquely from North-west to South-east by a glen, down which flows a river called the Tchakut Su, rising in Cappadocia and joining the Sarus in Cilicia near Adana. The glen of the Tchakut Su offers a natural road, easy and gently sloping through the heart of the Taurus. It is generally a very narrow gorge, deep down amid the lofty mountains; but it opens out into two small valleys, one near the Northern end, the Vale of Loulon or Halala, 3,000 feet above the sea, the other about the middle of its

an underground passage through the wall . . . A path which was in use doubtless from the earliest times, leaves the Tchakut Su at Podandus and ascends by the course of a small stream, keeping a little West of South till it reaches and crosses the bare summit (4,300 feet) where Ibrahim Pasha's lines were constructed in the war of 1836; then it descends sharply 500 feet beside another small stream, till it reaches a sheer wall of rock through which the stream finds its way in a narrow gorge, the Cilician Gates. Nature had made this gorge



The village of Beilan, near the site of the ancient Syrian Gates, to which Xenophon refers.

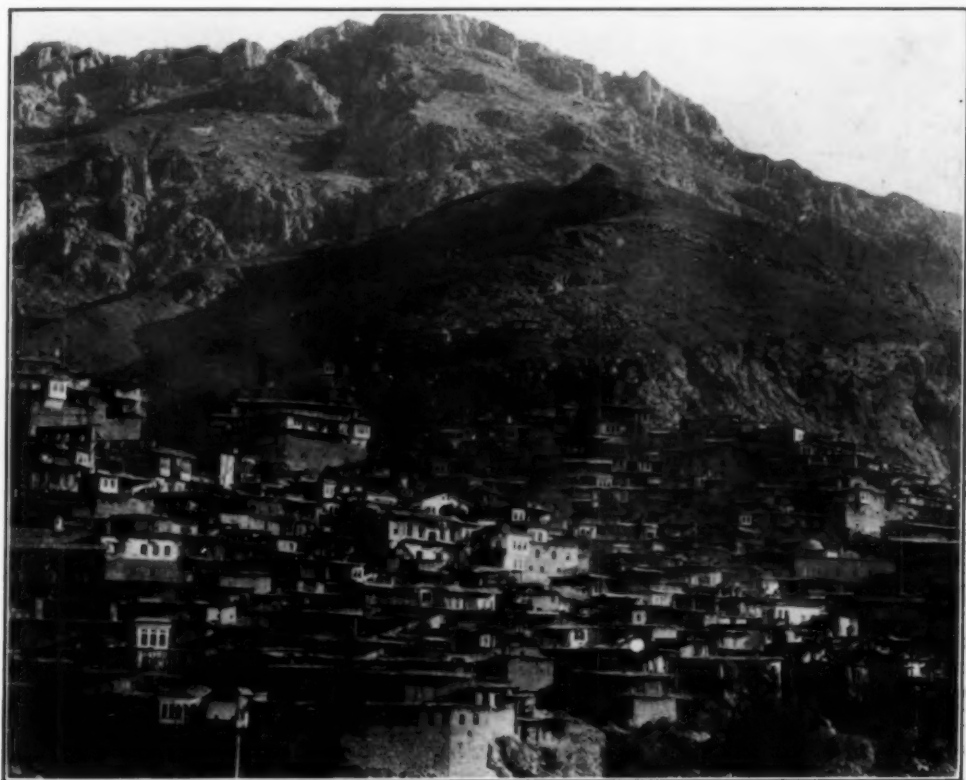
just wide enough to carry the water, and the Pass became important when the Tarsians built a waggon road over the difficult hills from their city to the Southern end of the Gates and then cut with the chisel in the solid rock on the West bank of the stream, a level path through the gorge. Thus the Pass of the Cilician Gates became a waggon road from Cilicia across the Taurus and remained the only waggon road for many centuries". Ramsay thinks that the road was constructed as early as 700 B.C. so that it was already an ancient highway when Cyrus and his force trod it.

The army remained at Tarsus, the next halting place, for 20 days and Cyrus gave a large sum of money to Syennesis and received gifts in return. The Greek force now began to be suspicious regarding the real purpose of the expedition and it required all the skill of its commander, Clearchus, with a good deal of specious pleading, to hold the men.

They were finally persuaded to go on when Cyrus told them that the expedition was directed against an enemy of his, the Satrap Abrocamas, on the banks of the Euphrates, 12 days' journey distant. He followed this statement with the rather judicious words, "If he should be there, he longed to take due vengeance on him, but if he should flee we will consider then how to proceed".

Marching Eastward on the Cilician Plain the force crossed the Sarus River somewhere near the site of modern Adana and after a further march of fifteen miles crossed the Pyramus (modern Jihan).

The force was now near the sea and skirted the Gulf of Issus until it reached Payas, the site of the Syrian Gates. On the way it had passed the city of Issus described as "a populous, large and opulent place". The Syrian Gates was the designation of a strongly fortified position near Payas. At this point the



The Armenian fastness of Zeitun.

Amanus Mountains approach the sea and a gap is formed by the Merkez Su which Xenophon called the Karsus River. This gap was guarded on either side by a fortress, one being in Syria and the other in Cilicia. The fleet of Cyrus which was off the coast was expected to aid in forcing the Gate but was not needed as no opposition was made. After a short march the city of Myriandrus was reached (probably near the present city of Alexandretta) and camp was pitched for seven days.

The force now turned inland and had to cross some very difficult country before reaching the Chalus River (the Chalib). During this stage it must have skirted, if it did not actually traverse, the rocky desert in which, at a later time, St. Simon Stylites and other Pillar Saints practised their strange austerities. Xenophon states that the river was "full of large tame fish which the Syrians looked upon as gods". Such

sacred fish are still found at Mumbidg and Urfa, not very far distant.

The Euphrates was reached at Thapsacus (Hammam), a very prosperous city. The force crossed at the so-called ford of the Bedawin where the river is about 800 yards wide. Thapsacus is the ancient Tiphseh which is mentioned in I Kings 4:24 as a boundary site of the Kingdom of Solomon. Here Cyrus disclosed his real objective. The Greeks professed great displeasure but were pacified and agreed to advance when Cyrus made them lavish promises.

Turning South-east Cyrus led his army to the River Araxes (Khabor Su) and spent three days in the villages near its banks collecting food supplies for the long march through Arabia, as Xenophon calls the region. This was not Arabia proper but was the Mesopotamian region largely occupied by Arab tribes. Although the country seemed barren and unable to support any villages, wild



A portion of the city of Adana in Cilicia.

animals abounded and the Greeks evidently amused themselves by hunting wild asses, ostriches and antelopes. Xenophon admits that no one was successful in catching an ostrich.

For fifteen days, or a little longer, the march continued until at length the

rather weary army saw their road leading to the Pylae or Gates of Babylonia. This strait or defile was situated at the point where the Euphrates ceases to flow between high banks and enters the alluvial plain of Babylonia. Cyrus expected an attack here as Artaxerxes had constructed certain earthworks and had dug a trench. But the attack was not made and the army was allowed to proceed on its way toward Babylon. Cyrus realized that the test of strength could not be long postponed and took occasion to review his forces and to fire the zeal of the men by promises of what he would do for them when he became king.

Artaxerxes permitted the advance to continue until his brother and his followers were about 36 miles from Babylon. Then he suddenly struck. The site of the battle is not named by Xenophon but the name, Cunaxa, has been preserved by Plutarch. Cyrus' force was greatly outnumbered, to such an extent that the centre of the King's forces was opposite his extreme left. The Greeks made the first attack and were completely successful driving the Persians before them. Cyrus himself, with his bodyguard, charged the force immediately about his brother and when he caught sight of the King made a violent attempt to reach him. He

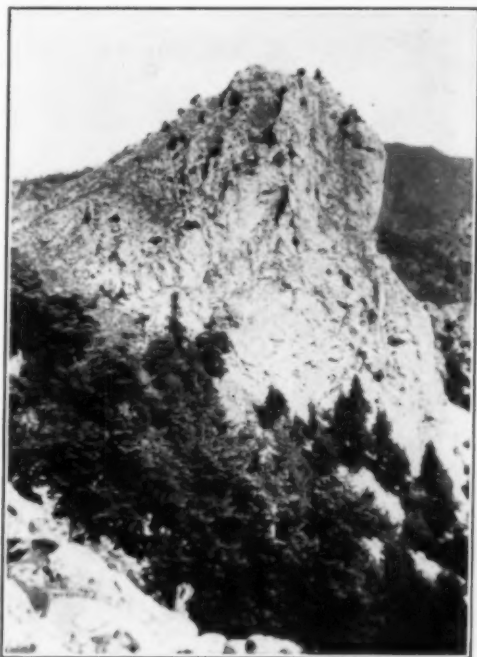


An ancient gateway in Tarsus.

succeeded in wounding him but was himself struck down by a javelin and died almost immediately. Meanwhile the Greeks were in pursuit of the fleeing Persians and it was not until they returned late in the evening to the site of their pillaged camp that they learned of the death of Cyrus and the failure of the expedition.

The Greeks now found themselves in a very critical position. They were in the heart of a strange land, many hundreds of miles from friends. Opposed to them were the vast resources of the Persian Empire. Yet there was no panic. The threat of destruction only served to make the force a unit and the splendid spirit of their leader, Clearchus, kept up the morale of the little force. The King sent various envoys to them seeking to persuade them to yield their arms. This they steadily refused to do and finally were allowed to quarter themselves in a group of villages near the Tigris.

After three days the Satrap Tissaphernes who was in high favour with the King, visited them. He professed friendship with the Greeks but was regarded with some measure of suspicion. However, Clearchus answered his inquiries in a truly soldierly way. He declared that the Greeks were now only anxious to return home and promised that they would not molest anyone if



In the foothills of the Tarsus Mountains.

allowed to pass through the country. Tissaphernes carried their message to Artaxerxes and, on returning, offered to make a covenant with them in which he agreed to lead them back to Greece on condition of peaceful behaviour. It is



The ancient city of Trebizond, where the "Ten Thousand Greeks" reached the Sea.



Turkish Zaptiehs, or mounted police.

altogether probable that Artaxerxes was desirous of getting the Greeks out of Babylonia lest they should become a cause of disaffection among his own subjects. Tissaphernes again returned to the

King and was absent about 20 days. The Greeks were much exercised over this delay. Clearchus, however, pointed out that they might as well possess their souls in patience inasmuch as they were practically powerless if the Persians determined to exterminate them. At length Tissaphernes appeared and the march began.

The country through which they now passed was entirely new to them. They only knew that they were travelling Northward and believed that if they continued in that direction they must eventually reach the sea. In any case they had no alternative. They could only go in the direction which the Persians permitted.

We shall not dwell at any length on their experiences as they made their way Northwards on the West bank of the Tigris as far as Sittace where they crossed to the East side, to the great relief of the Persians who feared that the Greeks might choose to stay in the rather strong position in which they found themselves in Sittace. Sittace was probably situated near Sheriat el Beidha, ten miles North of Bagdad.

Near the city of Opis they met a large Persian army under a brother of Artaxerxes which was on its way to join the King. The Greeks deployed their



The falls of the Cydnu near Tarsus.



A mosque in Marash (ancient Germanicia).

small army in such a manner as to impress the Persians with their number and discipline.

A further march of about ten days brought them to the River Zapatas (the Greater Zab), one of the main tributaries of the Tigris. Here they made a three days' halt. Layard thinks that they made their camp near the mound of Abou Sheetha. Relations between the Greeks and Tissaphernes became very strained. Clearchus had an interview with Tissaphernes in which he talked over the whole situation and was reassured. He was invited, with the other captains, to a conference on the following day. On arrival at the tent of meeting the captains were surrounded and cut down, the generals seized and sent to the King who had them executed.

It was at this juncture, when the situation was at its worst, that a new leader appeared on the scene with dramatic suddenness in the person of Xenophon the Athenian. The Greeks were in a desperate plight. Grote has described their condition in graphic language. "The Greeks were in the midst of a hostile country, ten thousand

stadia from home, surrounded by enemies, blocked up by impassable mountains and rivers, without guides, without provisions, without cavalry to aid their retreat, without generals to give orders. A stupor of sorrow and conscious helplessness seized upon all. Few came to the evening muster; few lighted fires to cook their food; every man lay down to rest where he was; yet no man could sleep for fear, anguish and yearning after relatives whom he was never again to behold."

Although as anxious as any of the company, Xenophon was overcome with weariness and fell asleep. A vivid dream came to him. In the midst of a storm a bolt seemed to fall on his father's house which burst into flames. Xenophon awoke and interpreted the dream as the call of Zeus to him to lead the Greeks. He summoned the remaining officers and told them of his conviction that he was divinely called to conduct them out of their difficulty. His spirit and hope infected them and they agreed to accept his leadership. True to Greek democratic principles they consulted the army which confirmed Xenophon's position.



An old bridge spanning a stream near the Gulf of Alexandretta (ancient Gulf of Issus).

A short march brought them to a vast mass of ruins near Larissa, while opposite they saw the mounds of Kouyounjik and Nebi Yunus which cover the remains of ancient Nineveh. The ruins were those of the old city of Calah (modern village of Nimrud). This city, founded by Shalmaneser I, in 1300 B.C. was the capital of Assyria until Sargon founded Khorsabad.

Four days later they were attacked by the forces of Tissaphernes when passing through some hills. The Greeks repulsed the attack and proceeded to some villages on the banks of the Tigris. The struggle is described very graphically. The Persians occupied a hill overhanging the road along which the Greeks must pass. By a bold manoeuvre Xenophon led the Greeks up a still higher hill, and turned the enemy's flank. When the Persians saw what was being attempted they sent a detachment to try to take the hill first and a scramble followed. The Greeks won out and the Persians were compelled to retire.

They had now reached the borders of the very rough country of Kurdistan, the land of the Carduchi, as they knew it. A momentous council was held on the

bank of the Tigris. There were not many alternative lines of action open to them. To retreat South was to court destruction. The West bank of the river was crowded with Persian troops. To turn Eastward was to be lost in the mountains of Media and to give up hope of reaching the sea which to the Greeks spelled safety. Their only real chance, and it was a desperate one, was to continue the northerly march into a hilly, unknown land, occupied by wild tribes. The Greeks decided to take that chance.

They were not long in doubt regarding the difficulties which lay before them. They were entering the land of the Carduchi and these hardy mountaineers were determined to contest their passage. Xenophon's narrative becomes very vivid as he pictures struggle after struggle in the fastnesses of Kurdistan. But the force pressed on steadily. It was now late in the year and the snow lay deep on the ground when they reached the upland of Armenia. The men suffered severely from the weather but managed to secure enough provisions from the villages through which they passed. The Satrap of the country, Tiribazus, was unfriendly and treacherous and as

they were anxious to get out of his territory, they hurried Northward as rapidly as winter conditions allowed. They soon found themselves on the bank of the Teleboas (the Kara Su) and a little later reached a much larger stream, evidently the Murad Su. This they forded in mid-Winter. We do not know exactly where the army crossed but it must have been above the confluence of the Murad Su and the Tscharpunar. Reference is made to a warm spring by which the men rested and from which they were very loath to depart. The only hot spring in this region is situated just South of the Bingel Dagħ near the village of Bashkan. This fact enables us to identify the locality with reasonable exactness. The Greeks now found themselves in a region of underground villages with an abundant supply of food. They were well received and were treated hospitably. A week was spent resting. When they started again the head-man of the chief village acted as their guide until unwarranted suspicion on the part of one of the Greek officers resulted in his loss.

Their advance for some time was an almost continual struggle with various

tribes which Xenophon names but which cannot be identified. Only the fine morale and good discipline of the Greeks saved them.

They were now travelling Westward having turned in that direction after crossing the Phasis (the Araxes) and under the guidance of natives whom they had pressed into their service and who knew the country well, they finally reached the large city of Gymnias (modern Gumush Khana). This was a very prosperous place, its prosperity being due to its proximity to the richest silver mines in Anatolia. It was situated on the ordinary Winter road from Erzeroum to Trebizond. Here they secured a guide who promised in five days to lead them to a mountain from which they could see the sea. He was as good as his word but the incident is so picturesque and so typical of the Greek temperament that we must dwell upon it in a little detail.

It is impossible to determine with certainty the mountain in question. It has been identified with the Tekieh Dagħ, east of Gumush Khana. But this is barely high enough to afford a sight of the sea. The most likely site is a mountain called Karabakan. This is about



A typical view in the Amanus Mountains.

20 miles from Trebizond and is a point from which the traveller suddenly and quite unexpectedly gets a glimpse of the sea. Grote suggests that the mountain may have been situated some distance from the direct route but well-known to the guide who purposely spent five days in reaching it in order to keep his promise. Xenophon's description of the scene on the mountain summit is rather fine. "When the men who were in the front had mounted the height, and looked down upon the sea a great shout proceeded from them; and Xenophon and the rear-guard, on hearing it, thought that some new enemies were assailing the front, for in the rear, too, the people from the country that they had burnt were following them, and the rear-guard by placing an ambuscade, had killed some and taken others prisoners, and had captured about 20 shields made of raw ox-hides with the hair on. But as the noise increased and drew nearer, and as those who came up from time to time kept running at full speed to join those who were continually shouting, the cries becoming louder as the men became more numerous, it appeared to Xenophon that it must be something of very great moment. Mounting his horse, therefore, and taking with him

Lycius and the cavalry, he hasted forward to give aid, when presently they heard the soldiers shouting, 'The Sea! The Sea!' and cheering on one another. They then all began to run, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the baggage, cattle and horses were put to their speed and when they had all arrived at the top, the men embraced one another and their generals and captains with tears in their eyes."

Although the sea was not far distant, the Greeks had to fight their way. Two tribes, the Macrones and the Colchians, were inclined to dispute their passage through their territory. But nothing could now daunt the Greeks. They knew that they were near their goal and to men who had dared what they had no foe had any terror. Xenophon's words to his men at this point are very suggestive of the spirit of the Greeks. "Soldiers, the enemy whom you see before you are now the only obstacle to hinder us from being where we have long been eager to be. These, if we must, we must eat up raw". To such men there could be only one issue. The Colchians fled.

The last stage of the journey was a short one. Two days after their engagement with the Colchians, the army



The City of Caesarea in Cappadocia at the base of Mount Argaeus.



The present city of Tarsus. The ancient city occupied the same site and much of the immediately surrounding country. It was one of the three great University centres of the Greco-Roman world.

reached the Greek city of Trapezus (Trebizond) on the Euxine Sea. The people of this city-colony must have looked with some fearfulness on the weather-beaten host which suddenly burst upon them from the interior. A force of veteran warriors, under such tested leadership as it had, was capable of doing anything it desired. But the men were tired, and above all heard the call of home across the blue waters of the Euxine. There is a delightful wistfulness in the speech of Antileon to his fellow-soldiers as they met to take counsel regarding the future. "For my part, my friends, I am now quite exhausted with packing my baggage, walking, running, carrying my arms, marching in order, mounting guard and fighting, and should wish, since we have come to the sea, to rest from such toils and sail the remainder

of the way, and to arrive at Greece, like Ulysses, stretched out asleep."

We will leave them there on the beach at Trebizond, undaunted and dreaming of home across the sea. But their great march belongs to history and is an achievement which has held the admiration of the world for over twenty centuries. It also had political consequences for it not only enlarged the geographical knowledge of the Greeks but it revealed the internal condition of the Persian Empire. The Greeks learned that Persia was not a unit but contained many practically independent and warring elements. Further, the part taken by the Greeks in Cyrus' expedition, made war inevitable and the struggle between Sparta and Persia duly followed.



✠ Amongst the New Books ✠

*William Dampier. By Clennell Wilkinson.
London: John Lane. 1929. 12/6.*

In this latest volume of the admirable Golden Hind Series, the story is told, and told extraordinarily well, of one of the most picturesque figures in the history of British discovery. Dampier, buccaneer, captain in the King's Navy, hydrographer, fighter, indefatigable explorer, how could his story be other than fascinating. "He was," says Mr. Wilkinson, "not by nature a man of action, but an artist and a dreamer. He was a romantic schoolboy whose dreams came true—came true because he made them." And what an opportunity for a youngster with the itch for travel, in the world of the latter half of the 17th century—its map showing vast areas of unknown land and sea! To the West Indies and to Africa we sail with Dampier in his little ships, to Australia and New Guinea, and with him we circumnavigate the globe. The author has had the good judgment to allow Dampier to tell his own story, and one can say without qualification that there is not a dull page in the book.

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*Hakluyt's Voyages. Selected and Arranged
by A. S. Mott. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.
1929. 7/6.*

It was a happy thought to have put into a volume of three hundred pages some of the best of that wonderful storehouse of voyages and travels, Hakluyt's "Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation." The spelling and punctuation has been modernized, but Mr. Mott has taken no further liberties with the original text. The selection includes voyages in search of the North-east Passage, and the North-west Passage, adventures in the Mediterranean and on the Guinea Coast, the West Indies and the Spanish Main, Drake's voyage around the world, the story of the Armada, and the long tale of discovery and enterprise that laid the

foundations of the British Empire. Canadian readers may be particularly interested in the voyages of John Cabot, Jacques Cartier, Frobisher, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert. There are a number of maps and illustrations and a glossary.

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From Quebec to New Orleans. By J. H. Schlarman. Belleville: Buechler Publishing Company. 1929. \$5.00.

This is a story of the adventures of the French in America. It opens with the long search for a passage to the Orient, the discoveries of Cartier and Champlain, the expeditions of Jolliet and Marquette and La Salles; describes the founding of Kaskaskia on the Upper Illinois and the Cahokia Mission; the beginnings of Louisiana; John Law and the Mississippi Bubble; the building of Fort De Chartres; the Chickasaw Wars; deportation of the Acadians; the Fall of Quebec; and the later history of the Illinois country. Fort De Chartres is the central figure in the story, and the larger events in Canada and Louisiana are rather the background against which the author has attempted, with a good deal of success, to picture the life of this remote little French colony in the very heart of America.

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*Some Familiar Wild Flowers. Compiled by
James Edmund Jones. Toronto:
National Boys' Work Board. 1930.
75 cts.*

With the co-operation of Richard S. Cassels, who is responsible for the excellent photographic illustrations, Mr. Jones has prepared an unpretentious but very useful little guide to the wild flowers of Canada east of the Rockies. It is designed mainly for the use of boys and girls in summer camps, but will be found to be a very helpful pocket companion to anyone interested in identifying these wayside flowers.